THE

Fatal Contract,

A *French*

TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted with great applause by her Maiesties SERVANTS.

Written by William Hemings, *Master of Arts of* OXON.

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F. R. Appleton

To the Right Honourable, JAMES Compton Earl of *Northampton*, and Lord *Compton*, &c. and to *Isabella* His vertuous Countess.

My Lord,

This Poem *was composed by a worthy Gentleman at hours of his recess from happier employments. In his life he was above the Sphere of common Writers, and though at death he left greater Monuments of his worth and ability, yet this piece had justly gain'd an esteem with men of excellent judgement; and having suffered very much by private Transcripts, where it past through many hands as a curiosity of Wit and Language, It is now emergent from darkness, and appears in a publike dress, having shaken off some dust and imperfections that too usually waits upon multipli'd Copies.*

My Lord, *If we had not confidence that the merit of this* Poem *would excuse the boldness of this Dedication, we would not have attempted so great a flight as to your name. We humbly beseech your Honour so peruse it when you will descend to a recreation of this nature: And let not our Names that attend it, by our lowness and want of Ornament, be thought a stain to what we have presented, for though our sails are not filled with so much happy air and breath of the World, yet our small and plain vessels are fraught with as true faith & humility to serve you, as that which carries more fire and noise to proclaim their devotions: And in the assurance that your mercy will vouchsafe us your protection, we cast our selves at your feet.*

My Lord,

The humblest of those that pray for your Honours happiness.

A. T.
A. P.

The Persons of the Play.

Childerick, an old King of *France*.
Clotair, the young King.
Clovis, the Mounsieur.
Landrey, Favorite to the Queen, and raised by her favour to be Duke of *France*, and Maior of the Palace.
Brissac, an old Peer of *France*.
Brissac, his Sonne.
Lords for Attendants.
Lamot, } two banished Lords.
Dumain, }

Martell, } Noble men of *France*, and friends of
Bourbon, } the banished Lords.
Lanove }

Crotilda, by the name of *Castrato*, as an *Eunuch*.
Fredigond, the Queen.
Aphelia, Old *Brissac's* Daughter.
Isabella, a Lady that waited on *Aphelia*.
Three *Ladies* for Attendance.
A *Cardinal* for State, when *Aphelia* is to be beheaded.
Six *Young men* to bear the Herse.
Six of the *Guard*.
A *Herdsman*.
Musicians.
A *Page* to *Brissac* Jun.
A *Lackey*.

The Fatall Contract, A TRAGEDY.

Actus Primus, Scena Prima.

Enter *Lamot* and *Dumaine* like Souldiers.

Dum.

WE are not safe *Lamot*, this bawdie peace
Begets a war within me, our swords worn
For Ornament, not use, the Drum & Trumpet
Sing drunken Carrols, and the Canon speaks
Health, not Confusion, Helmets turn'd to Cups;
Our bruised Armes administer discourse
For Tables and for Taverns, where the Souldier
Oft findes a pitty, not relief: I'l tell thee,
Wee'r walking images, the signs of men,
And bear about us nothing but the forme
Of man that's manly.

Lam. Wee'r cold indeed.

Dum. Yes, and th' ungrateful time
As coldly doth reward us, all our actions,
Attempts of valour, look'd into with eyes
Fil'd with contempt, when ye Gods ye know
It is our gifts they see yet: oh I am mad!
The very bread that lends them life to scorne us,
Our blood has pai'd for, yet demand a bit,
Or ask of this old fatten belli'd fir,
Or Madam toothless with her velvet sconce,
And you shall hear their rotten lungs pronounce
The Whip and Whip-stock.

Lam. Prethee contain thy self:
Dum. Thou knoweſt I can;
With what an equal temper did I breath
Under the frozen climate of the North,
Where in mine armes (the ſheets of War) I ſlept,
My bed being feather'd with the down of Heaven?
I have lain down a man and riſe a ſnow-ball.
There theſe have been my paſtimes, which I've born
As willingly as I received them nobly.
The Queens black envie which doth ſtill remain,
And peeps through every limb ſhe bears about her,
Fated to ruine us, does not ſwell my Gall,
No nor this willing beggery I weare
To cloud me from her malice; by the Gods
This Baſtard-getting peace unſpirits me,
A greater corraſive to my active ſoul,
Then all paſt-ills whatever.
Lam. As you are valiant be wiſe too, this is no time
To vent your paſſions like a woman in,
Your ſword, not tongue, ſhould ſpeak.
Dum. You are an expert Tutor, and I thank you;
Our wrongs would adde a ſpirit to the dead.
And make them fight our quarrels;—— but look here

Enter Landrey, *and two or three inſinuating Lords, buſie in Converſe, and three or foure* Petitioners.

The minion of our Queen, oh what a train
The painted Peacock bears! death, were I love,
But only for this Giant.
Peti. Good your honour, our wives and children,
Good your honour hear us.
Lan. Where are our ſlaves, keep off theſe dregs of men,
The ſcum and out-caſt of the world; bring round my chariot
To the Poſtern-gate, theſe hell-mouth'd Raſcals
Split mine eares with noiſe, make haſte before
Leſt my great Myſtreſs wait my coming. *Exit.*
Peti.

Peti. Good your honour. [*Exeunt.*

1 *Peti.* The devil take your worſhip; we muſt follow.

Dum. Theſe are the fruits of baſe up-ſtarts and flatterers.
Tell me *Lamot*, can this ſame Marchpane man
Think, or commit a ſin though ne're ſo horrid,
But it is candied o're, and from his vice
Exceſſive praiſe and plaudites ariſe?
Were I the King, but he is wilfulblinde,
And by the hornes ſhe rocks him faſt aſleep,
Before the wanton and hot-blooded Queen
Should have the Licence but to be ſuſpected
With ſuch a Knight of Ginger-bread as this,
A gilded fleſh-flie, I would lock her up,
Yea, chain the evil Angel in a box,
And houſe her like a Silk-worme.

Lam. Pardon me ſir, the good old King's unable.

Dum. And therefore muſt admit an up-ſtart Page,
Now rais'd to Honours by her lawleſſe luſt,
Maior of the Palace, and the Duke of *France*,
The next ſtep is the Crown, now by my life
'Twere good the King would execute them both.

Lam. Alas he dares not, for the no chaſte Queen,
Is as her birth, as great in faction,
Followed and fainted by the multitude,
Whoſe judgement ſhe hath linck'd unto her purſe,
And rather bought a love then found it:
She has a working ſpirit, an active brain,
Apt to conceive, and wary in her wiles;
Beſides, her ſons, the pillowes of the State,
Support her like an *Atlas*, where ſhe ſits,
And like the Heavens commands our Fates beneath her;
She is the greater light, the King a Star
That only glares but through her influence.

A Floriſh within.

Dum. Hark, the thunder of the world, how out of tune,
This peace corrupting all things makes them ſpeak,
What means this moſt adulterate noiſe?

Law. Why, are you ignorant?
This is a night of jubile, and the King
Solemnly feasts for his wars happie succesſe,
Beſides his Sons and he are knit again;
We ſhall have Masks and Revelling to night.

Dum. Now the great Gods confound this pickthanck noiſe,
The Drums and Trumpets are turn'd flatterers,
And *Mars* himſelf a Bawd to grace their riot,
O I am mad, this greites my very Gall.

Lam. What man, beat up;
Although I wiſh all civil diſcord hence,
Yet I do hope a time wherein we Souldiers,
Shall like a moving wall of living ſteel,
Defend this Citie that offends us now.

Dum. My thoughts keep not your road, I think
The deviliſh ſpirit of the haughty Queen,
Will find imployment for us yet; her brain
Is very active in exploits that breed
The Souldiers harveſt, war and diſſension.

Enter the Eunuch with bags of Gold, gives to each of them one, and after a little pauſe departs.

Lam. What viſion's this? 'tis Gold right and fair,
Sure I dream not.

Dum I cannot tell, but he that takes this from me,
Shall ſoon perceive I do not ſleep nor ſlumber.

Lam. It was the Eunuch.

Dum. That needs no deciding.

Lam. VVhat ſpeaks the Paper left behinde?
If it be *Chorus* to this dumb ſhew, read it *Dumaine*.

The Letter.

As you are Souldiers truly valiant, I honor you, as poor, I pitty you, therefore have ſent you that will render you as compleat Courtiers, as undaunted Souldiers: we know your preſent fortunes ſhame your parentage, which was not onely great in it ſelf, but fortunate in ſo fair an off-ſpring: *Dumaine*, *Lamot*, let it ſuffice we know ye, for our eye is every where:

where: whilst I remember your wrongs, I shall forget your parents injuries; fear nothing, for your hitherto concealment, Ile get your pardon, and whilst I breath, breath your kind Mistress: If you dare trust me, appear at Court to night so adorned, as shall become your honours, our friends.

Fredigond.

Lamot. The Queen?

Dum. We are betraid *Lamot*, what shall we doe?

Lam. Wee'l take the gracious proffer of the Queen,
Shee's princely vow'd our friend; besides what ill
Can we expect from her who might have sent
Her murdering ministers, and slain us here,
If she intended foul play? but she's noble.

Dum. Noble, grant her so, yet ——

Lam. What yet?

Dum. Her murdred Brothers memory ——

Lam. When he fell, we were too young for traitors.

Dum. But not for torments, had we been apprehended,
For in the high displeasure of the Queen,
All our posterity was doom'd; some felt the wheel,
Some wrack'd, some hang'd, others impal'd on stakes,
With divers strange and horrid forms of death,
That you'd have thought, and fitly thought it too,
That all the torments which the Poets feign
The damned spirits exercise in Hell,
Had here been put in execution;
And had we not been then in *Wimbarge*,
Beyond the fury of her mortal spleen,
We had added to the number of the dead;
Then think you still we shall not?

Lam. Now by my life it's murder to suspect her,
Our lives are all that we can lose, our fame,
Not time nor Art can murther, so wee'l venture. *Exeunt omnes.*

Scena II.

Enter Fredigond *the Queen, and the* Eunuch.

Qu. What conference did they maintain with thee?

Eu. None farther than the language of their eyes,

They look'd on me as if they meant me thanks,
Which their amazement rob'd me off.
Qu. Spake they not then at all?
Eu. No, not a word,
They seem'd to me as if they knew no language.
Qu. You know them not?
Eu. No dearest Lady, for th'appear'd to me
Like to the silent postures in the Arras,
Onely the form of men with strange faces.
Qu. Take't on them, they are our enemies,
Whom I have angled with that golden bait;
Their parents waded in my Brothers blood,
For which i'l be reveng'd of all their kin,
Could they increase as oft as I would kill,
I'd ever kill that they might still increase;
This picture drawn by an *Italian*
(Which I still keep to whet mine anger)
Does represent the murther of my brother,
For ravishing this beauteous piece of ill;
A bloody and a terrible mistake,
To murther *Clodimir* for *Clotars* fact,
For which behold how *Fredigond's* reveng'd,
This old *Dunaine* and father to this maid,
With all his kindred, sociates and allies,
(These brace of wicked ones, and that ravisht whore,
The fair and fatal cause of these events
Only excepted) are here, here in this picture:
Is't not a brave sight, how doth the object like thee?
How prettily that bable hangs by th'heels,
Sprawling his Arms about his mothers wombe,
As if again he sought for shelter there?
Here's one bereft of hands, and this of tongue,
Finger thy lute *Maria*, sing out *Isabel*: *Scoptice.*
Hark, hark *Castrato*, the musick of the Spheres,
O ravishing touch, hark how the others voice
Ecchoes the Lute, Is't not a divine softness?
Ha, ha ha, I do expect they now should rail extreamly;
I prethee scold at me good *Isabel*,

Draw the curtain and shew the picture.

A little of the woman; no *Maria*,
VVithin the closed circle of mine eyes,
And or thy fingers, alas, thy nails are par'd,
Nor has poor *Isabel* a tongue to scold with,
And here's the Granddam with her glares out;
Saddle her nose with spectacles, or else
Shee'l miss her way to the infernal pit.
Two hoarie gray-beards in this angle lyes,
VVill find their way to Hell without their eyes,
Villains that kil'd my Brother; how does this like thee?
To execute men in picture, is't not rare? *(Stabs the Picture.*
Eu. VVere but *Chrotilda* here, and these two youngsters.
It were a pastime for the Gods to gaze on.
Oh were I but a man as others are,
As kinde and open-handed nature made me,
With Organs apt and fit for womans service.
Qu. What if thou were?
Eu. What if I were great Queen?
I'd search the Deserts, Mountains, Vallies, Plains,
Till I had met *Chrotilda*, whom by force
I'd make to mingle with these soothie limbs,
Till I had got on her one like to me,
Whom I would nourish for the *Dunain* line;
That time to come might storie to the world,
They had the Devil to their Grandfather.
Qu. I find thee Eunuch apt for my Employments,
Therefore I will unclasp my soul to thee,
I've always found thee trusty, and I love thee.
Eu. With thanks I ever must acknowledge it,
And lay my life at my great Mistress feet, *Kneels.*
To spend it when she pleases.
Qu. We need it not
As yet *Castrato*, but we may hereafter.
See, there's the plat-form of great *Childricks* death;
And they which must be thought his murderers,
Our Enemies, and now new Courtiers,
Whom hitherto I have reserv'd for policy;

First,

First, that they take away the guilt from us;
Next, being apprehended, studying deaths,
The heads of all our Engineers shall fie
T'invent unheard of torments for the slaves;
I long to see them here, here in this frame,
Greeting their kindreds bones.

Eu. You are the Goddess of invention.

Qu. Then I recommend thee to my elder Son,
Where thou wilt wind into his secret thoughts;
As for the younger Boy let me alone;
And when we have them on the hip, they shall
Follow their Fathers into *Hells* black *Hall*

Eu. Still better and better.

Qu. Will not this be brave? ha, how like'st thou this?
Now by this light I'm taken strangely with thee,
Come kiss me, kiss me fierce, tremble not. (*Queen kisses him.*
Fie, what a January lip thou hast,
A pair of Isicles, sure thou hast bought
A pair of cast-lips of the chast *Diana*;
Thy blood's meer snow-broth, kisse me again. (*again,*)
Now see if you can find these gallants forth,
And bring them to our presence. *Exit Eunuch.*
O Sir y'are welcome, *Enter* Landrey.
Your visits have been freer, but I grow old,
And you command the beauties of the time.

Lan. What means my noble Mistresse thinke you the blood
Runs so degenerate within these veins,
To stoope to an inferiour imbrace,
When I injoy the best.

Qu. We are betraid;
I'l tell thee a good jest *Landrey*, pray mark;
This morning, dressing my head, my husband came,
And with his switch (for he was then to hunt)
A gentle stroke he gave me on the back;
My fancy bosied then to make me sme,
Supposing it was you that sported so,
(Not dreaming that the dotard was so neer)

Cri'd

Cri'd, well my *Landrey*, in ſtory we ſtill find,
The beſt Knights ſtrike before and not behind:
The King who alwayes underſtood too faſt,
Quits ſuddenly my Chamber; what he intends
I cannot gueſſe, unleſſe it be our deaths,
Which if he ſpeedily perform not, then
Know he ſhall never, for this night concludes him.
His Sons I weigh like him, they have rebell'd,
And taken ſpirit of late t'oppoſe my will,
And contradict my pleaſures in thy love,
For which it is not ſafe that they ſhould live;
The Kingdoms Heir ſhall be a boy of thine,
And Kings and Queens ſhall follow in thy Line.

Eu. Madam, here are the Gentlemen. *Enter Damaine & Lamot very brave, the Eunuch.*

Qu. Y'are welcome to the Court, and us, brave ſpirits y'are welcome.
Take a Queens word y'are welcome.

Ambo. Your highneſſe is as full of grace as mercy.

Qu. Riſe and follow us, wee'l be your Guardian and Protectreſs.

Lan. What are theſe? (*Aſide*

Qu. Sheep for my ſhambles, whom I have fatted up
Only for ſlaughter; things are on foot decreed,
Shall make ſome ſmile to night, and others bleed.

Exeunt omnes.

SCENA III.

Enter Clovis *at one door,* Aphelia *and a* Page *at the other with a Torch.*

Clo. My beſt Miſtreſſe,
What Angel brought you hither? for I know
Millions attend your goodneſſe.

Aph. My Lord?

Clo. Why do you caſt ſuch ſtranger eyes upon me?
You were not wont to cloth your brows with ſcorn,
Nor dart ſuch deadly looks; can my miſtreſſe
Be angry with her ſervant? my offence,
If ſlowneſſe in my viſits, i'l hereafter

Grow to your threshold; why weep you now?
Trust me divinest fair thine eyes feed pearl:
Bracelets for Gods to wear about their armes.

Aph. I am too fond, and yet he swears he loves me,
I have believ'd him too, for I have found
A Godlike nature in him, and a truth
Hitherto constant.

Clo. Sweetest fair the cause?

Aph. If this should be dissembled, not your heart,
And having won my souls affection,
Should on a judgement more retir'd to state,
Smile at your perjuries, and leave me in love,
What ill-bred tales the world would make of me.

Clo. That jealousie I'l strangle; take this Ring,
As I that Diamond dazel'd by thine eyes,
Whose beauty sickned 'cause eclips'd by thine;
Be these the mutual pledges of our love,
Our Marriage before our Marriage,
And curs'd be he that separates our love,
Though *France* be one, or what is greater *Jove*.
Are your fears over now?

Aph. My Lord, I dare no ill, and therefore doubt none.

Enter King, Queen, Jolaire, Landri, Dumain, Lamot, Eunuch, Lords, Ladyes, Guard.

King, Approach our person nearer, for me thinks
Y'have honest faces, if your hearts keep touch
T'your outward semblance, y'are a pair
Nothing but death shall force from me.

Qu. Good, good, this Physick works. *Aside.*

Eu. Madam, is't done?

Qu. I my black Genius, such a fatal dram
I have administred, will wing his soul
With expedition to the other world
His part essential like a wearied Ghost,
This night forsakes her Inn, when fled, and gone,
Who knows where it shall lodge: mark his looks,
See'st thou not death thron'd in his hollow eye,

Great

Great tyrant over Nature?

Eu. With looks inquisite I have beheld him,
But see no alteration.

Qu. Thou art a fool, and wants the optique nerves
To pry into my Arts; where I lay trains,
Death comes before the grief, the sulpherous match
Destroyes the powder with a motion slow
To what I work with, as Autumn aged leaf,
In youth the prime and glory of the Grove,
Not to be grasp't with hand, falls with a puff,
And what he could not touch but now, we tread on;
So *Childrick*—

King. Lend me thine arm *Dumain*, I know not what,
But on the sudden-- (*Dumain & Lamot about the King.*

Qu. How the Nats play and buz about the fire
Must consume them.

Eu. 'Tis rare, observant Cock comes.

Clota. What star's unsher'd and walks upon the Earth,
Making our night a noon? methinks her light
Does cure blindnesse, and lend darknesse light,
Castrato — (*Clotaire pulls the Eunuch aside.*

Eu. No more, we are observ'd, my Lord.

Clot. What Ladyes that?

Eu. That French India with a mine upon her back,
With whom your Brother holds discourse?

Clot. The same.

Eu. The chast and beautiful *Aphelia.*

Clot. Indeed she's wondrous fair, nature hath much
Befriended her, art sure she's honest?

Eu. Snow's not purer;
No vestal Virgin at the Aultar bears
A soul so incorrupt, so void of flame
That's loosly active.

Clot. Castrato, be as our self, gee but that Lady for me;
Thou understand'st me.

Eu. Shee dotes upon your Brother, by which means
I'l think upon some plot.

Clot. The Maskque ended we will talk further on't.

King. Defer our paſtimes till another night,
I am not well at eaſe.

Duma. Lights, lights for his Majeſty.

Clot. & *Clovis.* How is it with your grace our Royal Father?

Eu. Dumain, Lamot, your feet are in the ſnare,
Fredigon hunts, and when ſhe hunts beware. (*The* Eunuch

Lam. What ſayes the ſlave? (*talks with* Aphelia *aſide.*

Dum. No matter what, mind we his Majeſty.

King. There is an Æna in me,
The air I draw returns illuminate,
Philoſophy thy Element of fire's here.

Qu. His Grace grows worſe and worſe, ſupport him
Gently friends; O my dear Husband, O my gentle Lord.

Exeunt omnes.

Aphe. I credit your report, & will obey, (*Manent Eunuch*
His mind is honourable like his parentage; *and Aphelia.*
His ſingle name has arm'd me, pray lead on. (*Exe. Aph.* & *Eu.*

Lam. O woe, woe, woe. *Enter* Lamot.

Clot. Horror and death. *Enter* Clotaire.

Clo. O diſmal fatal hour. (*Enter Clovis, Fredigond, the*

Qu. With *Childrick* end *Queen, Landry, Dumain, Guard*
The World. *Attendants.*

Dum. Have patience gentle Queen.

Qu. Stand from me,
Preach patience to the Sea, when the rude winds
Swell her ambitious billowes 'bove the clouds,
And if thou tutor'ſt them to peace and ſilence,
I'l be as calm as they.

Clot. The treaſon here, and not the Traytor,
Quite confounds me.

Qu. Doubt ye the Traytors?
I've brought a pair of Vipers to the Court,
Warm'd and reliev'd them with a ſting to kill us;
Who could be Authors of this deed but they?
His new boſome friends have ſlain him,
Lay hands upon the villains.

Dum. We are betraid *Lamot,* baſely beſet with ſnares.

Lam. Juſtice fight thou my cauſe with thine own ſword.

Qu.

Qu. O villains would ye let them ſcape?
Two men to paſſe the ſtrength of all our guard?
This made me.
Clot. Make after them and bring them back,
Or by my Fathers ſoul ye ſleep your laſt.
Aphelia, oh Aphelia, ſhee'l not from my mind,
I may command her now.
Come Mother, Brother, Friends, come let us go,
King ne'r receiv'd a Crown ſo full of woe. *Exe, omnes.*

Actus Secundus Scena Prima.

Enter *Old Briſſac* and the *Page.*

Page. I Left her mid'ſt th' amazed multitude,
Where doubtleſſe frighted with the ſudden horror
Of the unlook'd for murther of the King,
She has with other beauties of the Court,
Retir'd her ſelf until the morning ſtar.
O. Briſ. 'Tis very likely ſo, yet d'ee hear—
I know not what to ſay, I'l not to bed,
My thoughts are full of tempeſts, diſmal thinkings;
Where is my Son, why went he not to Court?
Page. Your Son ſir *Charles*, ſir, is not yet in bed,
But why he went not to the Court I know not.
O. Briſ. Perhaps ſhe's ſafe, then why returns ſhe not?
Why ſends ſhe not glad meſſenges of health?
No, no, ſhe's loſt, and I undone for ever.
Go to your bed, I will not trouble you,
Go take your reſt, yet pray be up betimes, (*Offers to go.*
Yet ſtay and watch with me, ſhe may come home,
She may come home, it's good to wait for her;
Yet now I've thought on't, get you hence to bed,
And yet not ſo, run, run unto the Court,
O Villain how he moves; yet why ſo faſt, (*Offers to run.*

Let me deliberate, that were to give
The Courtiers notice I have loſt my Daughter,
Whom they will then ſuſpect, and call her fame
Into an ill conſtruction; no no no:
O ſir you'r welcome, where is your ſiſter? *Briſack & Clovis*
I muſt have her ſirra, and I will; where is *the Prince diſ-*
She *Charles*, where is ſhe? *guiſed.*

Cha. My noble Father.

O. Briſ. Tut tut tut, noble me nobles, nor Father me
No Fathers, where is your ſiſter ſirra?

Cha. My ſiſter?

O. Briſ. Your ſiſter; this cunning ſhall not carry it;
Where is ſhe? ſpeak.

Cha. Within ſir, is ſhe not? otherwiſe this Gentleman
Ha's loſt his labour, he's come to viſit her.

O. Briſ. Hoyday, hoyday, hoyday, to viſit her?
Plots, plots, meer fetches to delude me: to viſit her?
What at the dead of night, when the whole world
Is ſunck in ſlumber, and our luſtie youth
As quiet as the Grave? to viſit her?
O moſt ridiculous, to viſit her?
Pray Gentleman conſider, does your ſiſter keep
Times ſo prepoſterous for viſiting?
Makes ſhe a day of night, or ha's been bred
As looſe as *Lais*, to love nightly Courtings?
Do not diſtract me; to viſit her?

Cha. Pray ſir collect your ſelf; this Gentleman
Even at that horrid point where the King fell—

O. Briſ. I there's more miſchief too, God for his mercy
What a world is this!

Cha. Saw a Ring drop from off my ſiſters finger,
And at his beſt advantage took it up,
Which he had then deliver'd, but that fright
Which renders men forgetful made him ſo,
But knowing where ſhe liv'd, (ſo he proteſts)
He could not ſleep untill it were deliver'd.

O. Briſ. Pray let me ſee the Ring; yes it was hers,
And ſhe would ſay ſhe'd never part with it

But

But when ſhe meant to wed; if y' have married her,
Or have her promiſe rivited to yours,
Tell me but where ſhe is i'l be content,
For I in loſing her have loſt my joy.
Cha. Is ſhe not then within?
O. Briſ. Yes too much; oh no
The houſe contains her not, ſhe is not here,
Nor is for ought I know at all,
Clov. O my prophetick ſoul, then 'tis no idle fear.
O. Briſ. How the Monſieur? what makes he here?
Clov. There's ſomething whiſpers me, go not to bed,
Go not to bed till thou haſt found her out,
Be'ſt thou my Genius, or what power elſe
(Suggeſting lawful things) I will obey thee.
Still it cries, ſleep not to night; had I tane Opium,
The drowſie Poppie, cold Mandragora,
Or all the ſleepy ſirrops of the world,
With ſuch a powerful ſpell thou work'ſt upon me,
That ſhould I take an everlaſting ſleep
Thould'it wake my ſcattered bones, and make them riſe
To watch the horror of this fatal night;
Sleep ever waking envie and miſtruſt,
Ye things which never knew what ſlumber meant;
Ghoſts keep your beds, ye Centinels of night,
Goblings and Spectors do not walk your round;
A general Lethargie ſeize on this hour,
Whilſt I alone the Watchman of the night
Will wake in ſpite of fate, *Argus* thine eyes
To find *Aphelia* and her miſeries. (*Exit.*
O. Briſ. Pretty in good ſadneſſe, wondrous pretty;
Is he in earneſt?
Cha. Sure he diſſembles not, I little thought [When I did
Let him in, what perſon grac'd [Our Threſhold,
O. Briſ. Ah ſirra, what a girl is this to be out of th' way,
He is in love that's certain; let me remember,
When I was firſt a Lover as he is,
I'de juſt ſuch wild vagaries in my brain,
Such midnight madneſſe; this puling baggage

May

May loſe her ſelf for ever, and her fortunes,
For this hours abſence; go, be gone,
Follow his royal perſon, comfort him,
Tell him my daughter will again be found;
And ſo good Angels grant we meet with her.

Exe. omnes.

SCEN. II.

Enter *Aphelia* and the *Eunuch* with a wax Taper.

Aph. Into what Labyrinth do you lead me ſir?
What by perplexed wayes? I ſhould much fear
Had you not us'd his name, which is to me
A ſtrength 'gainſt terror, and himſelf ſo good,
Occaſion cannot varie, nor the night,
Youth, nor his wild deſire, otherwiſe
A ſilent ſorrow from mine eyes would ſteal
And tell ſad ſtories for me.

Eu. You are too tender of your honour Lady,
Too full of aguiſh trembling, the noble Prince
Is, as *December*, frofty in deſire,
Save what is lawful, he not owns that heat,
Which were you ſnow would thaw a tear from you.

Aph. This is the place appointed, pray heavens all things go well.

Eu. I will go call him, pleaſe you reſt your ſelf;
Here lies a book will bear you company
Till I return, which will be preſently.
Hether I'l ſend the King, not that I mean [*Aphelia reads in*
To give him leave to cool his burning luſt, *the book.*
For *Clovis* ſhall prevent him in the fact;
And thus I ſhall endear my ſelf to both:
Clovis in rage perhaps will kill the King,
Or by the King will periſh, if both fall,
Or either, both wayes make for me;
The Queen as rootedly does hate her Sons,
As I her Ladyſhip, to ſee this fraie
She muſt be brought by me, ſhe'l ſteel them on
To one anothers dammage, for her ſake

I'l

I'l ſay I ſet on foot this hopeful brawl.
Whilſt ſhe will hug and kiſſe me for the ſame;
Thus on all ſides the Eunuch will play ſoul,
And as his face is black he'l have his ſoul.

Alph. How witty ſorrow ha's found out diſcourſe
Fitting a midnight ſeaſon! here I ſee
One bath'd in Virgins tears, whoſe purity
Might blanch a Blackamore, turns natures ſtream (*Enter*
Back on it's ſelf; words pure and of that ſtrain *Clotair*
Might move the *Parcæ* to be pittiful.

Clot. Methinks I ſtand like *Tarquin* in the night,
When he defil'd the chaſtity of *Rome*,
Doubtful of what to do, and like a Thief (*ſhe ſtill*
I take each noiſe to be an Officer. *reads on.*
She ha's a raviſhing feature, and her mind
Is of a purer temper than her body:
Her vertues more than beauty raviſh't me,
And I commit even with her piety
A kind of inceſt with Religion;
Though I do know it is a deed of death
Condemn'd to torments in the other world,
Such tempting ſweetneſſe dwels in every limb,
That I muſt venter my eſſential parts
For the fruition of a moments luſt, [*Exit with a re-*
A pleaſure dearly bought. *ſolve not to do it.*

Aphe. Alack poor maid,
Poor raviſht *Philomel*, thy lot was ill
To meet that violence in a Brother, which
I in a ſtranger doubt not; yet me thinks
I am too confident, for I feel my heart
Burden'd with ſomething ominous, theſe men
Are things of ſubtil nature, and their oaths
Unconſtant like themſelves. *Clovis* may prove unkind,
Alack, why not? ſay he ſhould offer ſoul,
The evil counſel of a ſecret place,
And night his friend, might over-tempt his will;
I dare not ſtand the hazard; guide me light
To ſome untrodden place, where poor I may

Wear out the night with sighs till it be day. (*Enter Clot.*

Clot. I am resolv'd, I will be bold and resolute.
Hail beautious Damsell.

Aphe. Ha, what man art thou
That hast thy countenance clouded with thy Cloak,
And hid'st thy face from darknesse and the night?
If thy intents deserve a muffler too,
Withdraw and act them not. What art thou, speak?
And wherefore cam'st thou hither?

Clot. I came to find one beautiful as thou,
And am a man willing to please a woman.

Aphe. I understand you not,

Clot. But I must you, yea and the right way too,
Or my strength shall fail me.

Aphe. Help, help, help.

Clot. Peace, none of your loud musick Lady,
If you raise a note, or beat the air with clamor,
You see your death. *Draws his dagger.*

Aphe. What violence is this? inhumane sir, (*kneels.*
Why do you threaten war, fright my soft peace
With most ungentle steel? what have I done
Dangerous, or am like to do? why do you wrack me thus?
Mine armes are guilty of no crimes, do not torment 'um:
Mine heart and they have been heav'd up together
For mankind that was holy, if in that act
They have not pray'd for you, mend and be good,
The fault is none of their's.

Clot. Come, do not seem
More holy than you are, I know your heart.

Aphe. Let your dagger too, noble sir, strike home,
And sacrifice a soul to chastity,
As pure as is it self, or innocence.

Clot. This is not the way, —— know you me beauty?

Aph. The Majesty of *France*! (*discovers himself.*

Clot, Be not afraid.

Aphe. I dare not fear, it's treason to suspect
My King can harbour thoughts that tend to ill,
I know yo'r godlike good, and have but tri'd

How

How far weak women durſt be vertuous.
Clot. Cunning ſimplicity, thou art decely'd,
Thy wit as well as beauty wounds me, and thy tongue
In pleading for thee pleads againſt thy ſelf;
It is thy vertue moves me, and thy good
Tempts me to acts of evil; were thou bad,
Or looſe in thy deſires, I could ſtand,
And only gaze, not forfeit on thy beauty;
But as thou art, there's witchcraft in thy face,
I muſt enjoy thee, or not thou thy life (*Enter Clovis & Charls.*
Aphe. You are my King, and may command my life,
My will to ſin you cannot; you may force
Unhallowed deeds upon me, ſpot my fame,
And make my body ſuffer, not my mind;
When you have done this unreligious deed,
Conquer'd a poor weak maid, a trembling maid,
What trophie or what triumph will it bring
More than a living ſcorn upon your name?
The aſhes in your Urn ſhall ſuffer for't,
Virgins will ſow their curſes on your Grave,
Time blot your Kingly parentage, and call
Your birth in queſtion; do not think
This deed will lie conceal'd, the faults Kings do
Shine like the fiery Beacons on a hill
For all to ſee, and ſeeing tremble at:
It's not a ſingle ill which you commit;
What in the Subject is a petty fault,
Monſters your actions, and's a foul offence;
You give your Subjects licence to offend,
When you do teach them how.
Clot. I will indure no longer, come along,
Or by the curious ſpinſtrie of thy head,
Which natures cunning'ſt finger twiſted out,
I'l drag thee to my couch; tempt not my fury.
Clov. Hold, hold my heart —— can I indure this ——
Unhand me *Charles* and render me my ſelf,
Leſt I forget my ſelf on thee.
Char. Great ſir;

Remember 'tis your Brother, and the King,
Clov. O that I could forget it, and shake off
Duty at once and Consanguinitie, *(Enter Eunuch.*
That like a whirlwind I might rush upon him,
And bear him to destruction. Monster of men,
Thou King of darknesse down into thy Hell,
I have a spell will lay thy honestie,
And this abused goodnesse: Is't not enough
That thou hast wrong'd *Crotilda*, ravish't a Maid,
A Virgin of that puritie of life
Might saint her here on earth; but thou wilt add
Unto the first a second violence the Gods must not forgive:
Don't arm your face,
Nor wear a count'nance of horror, I can't fear
Bearing a bosome innocent and pure:
Is't even so, then guard thy self, Oh King,
For I am swift as thought that executes.
Char. Hold, hold, my Lord forbear.
Eu. Beat down their swords, what do the Princes mean?
Ring out the larum Bell, call up the Court, *(Ring the Bell.*
The Princes here will murder one another.
For shame for shame forbear.

Enter the Queen, the Guard, and Attendants, Landrey at the other door.

Qu. What means this sudden outcry? oh my Sons,
Hold, hold, part 'um good Gentlemen.
Clot. Brav'd by a subjects hand?
Qu. Though nature by precedencie of birth
Made thee his King, it therefore follows not
His Murtherer: wherein is our *Clotair*
Greater than *Clovis*? The self same blood
That spirits thee, makes him as valiant,
The difference lies in *Anno Domini*.
Eu. Most arturat mischief, most rare Crocadile!
Qu. I grant thou art his elder, by which law
Thou'rt born his subject, not his equal *Clovis*:
Know *Clotair*'s thy King, and subjects hands

With-

Without the deep and dangerous traytors name,
May not advance againſt their Soveraigns head.
Clota. Neither ſhall his without Correction
Upon him ſlaves.
Qu. Hold, I command ye hold:
Oh *Clotair* thou art of a valiant ſoul,
And wilt thou baſely thus beſet thy Brother?
Fear argues ſpirits moſt degenerate,
And that thou fear'ſt, th'advantage argues it;
O ſet not on thy ſlaves, if he muſt die,
Let thy ſacrifice not butcher him.
Clota That argument ſounds harſh, does *Clotair* fear?
Clo. Sacrifice me? it is not in his power.
En. Exquiſite Philter, how it operates!
Qu. We hope ſo *Clovis*; yet thy Brother King
Is as an earthly God, his will, his Law,
His power uncircumſcribed, unlimited,
Whoſe Majeſty can look a Subject dead.
Clo. How? look me dead? I do not fear his frown.
Qu. I grant th'as great a Baſiliske as he,
As thou art meerly man; but as thy King
Divinity doth prop him, he ſtands firm
That builds on that foundation; yet I know
Thy ſword's as ſharp as his; and where it lights
Imprints as much of fate; thine arm's as ſtrong,
Thy ſpirit as daring, and thy will as prompt
To any action that may write man, Man.
Glot. He is your darling, you do well to praiſe him;
When I have ſlain him write his Epitaph.
Clo. My Epitaph? this Pen of ſteel ſhall firſt
Write on thy heart thine end.
En. Still, ſtill better.
The venom'd poyſon of a womans tongue
Is more ſublim'd than Mercury. (*They fight again.*
Char. Hold, hold.
O deareſt Madam, your maternal breath
bears a Mandamus in it, and like heaven
Will lay this tempeſt.

Eu. As the wind shee see,
Which makes it rage the lowder,
Clot. Where's our guard
That lets a traytor pull me by the beard?
Upon him slaves. (*The Guard fall on him and he falls.*
Qu. O they have slain my Son;
Bloody villain, thy hands have made these holes,
Hell take thee for't.
Clot. Mother, rise and depart,
For I am bent on mischief.
Q. Do thy worst
Thou murderous minded Prince, this blood is mine,
For in some sort I bleed, o'r Parricide.
Eu. How cunningly she spies her poyson forth!
I know her soul is light, she's glad he's dead,
And joyes in the opportunity to curse the killer,
For which she gains the name of pious mother;
Here's pretty woman-hilarity and dissimulation.
Aphe. If they have slain him, wherefore do I live?
O my swoln heart.
Clot. Remove the Corps, withall
Convey this Syren from her wandring eyes,
And house her in a Dungeon, darke as night
Peep through a cranney on her, mask the day,
Put the all-searching eyes of Phœbus out;
Lest accidentally he gazing here,
Here fix eternally, and so we may
Despair of night as once we did of day:
Bear her to prison; reason not the cause,
A Kings prerogative's above his lawes.
Aphe. Be merciful and lead to earth, away,
Since he is gone it is to die to stay.
Exeunt some with the King, others leading Aphelia, and bearing away the Corps.
Manent Eunuch, Queen, Landreyt.
Qu. Now we begin to flourish, this black night
Is only lighted by our stars, which smile
Upon these actions, and rejoyce to see
Thee our sole favorite so neer a Crown.

But

But tell me *Landrey*, how did I play the Mother;
Did not I seem a *Niobe* in passion,
A deluge of salt tears?

Land. Most true, you wept.

Qu. As a good Actor in a play would do,
Whose fancy works (as if he waking dreamt)
Too strongly on the Object that it copes with,
Shaping realities from mockeries,
And so the Queen did weep: By this good night
I think I could become the Stage as well
As any she that sels her breath in publique;
Come shall we act *Landrey*?

Land. Act Lady, what?

Qu. Nothing that's new, old Playes you know are best:
Eunuch is our bed ready?

Eu. Great Queen it is.

Qu. Come then my joy to bed, where we will Act
The truth which others doubt, and in that sport
We'l laugh at death which triumphs in the Court. [*Exeunt,*

Eu. Go sleep your last; I'l straight unto the King, *Qu. & Lan.*
And he shall take them in the very act;
And then to cover my discovery
I'l set on fire the Queens Bed-chamber,
That so I may disturb them more secure,
And yet the plot not mine; I'l tell the King
Unlesse he presently help, his mother burns:
About it then, this is a happy night,
The more it works their woe more's my delight. [*Exit.*

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter *King, Cleorin* and the *Eunuch.*

Eu. LOok how it flames, I fear some treachery, (*The bed-*
Beat at her Chamber door, cry it aloud, *chamber fire*
And let your voice be thunder to this lightning;

Cry

Cry, fire, fire, fire, the Court is all a hot-house, fire, fire.
Clot. Great Queen, Royal Mother, open your door
Lest you do sleep for ever; mother awake.
The God of sleep lies heavy on her eyes;
Force up the door, fire, fire, fire.
Eu. It's fortifi'd 'gainst strength, you must call louder.
Clot. Mother, Queen, Mother, awake awake,
Your sleep was never more like death than now;
Lady, Great Princess, fire, fire, fire.

Enter Queen *above in night attire*, Landrey.

Qu. What sawcy Groom
Beats our offendlesse doors thus daringly?
H'had better rows'd a sleeping Lyones
Than thus t'have broke our slumbers, what art thou?
Clot. Look,
The fire will give you light, 'tis I your Son,
Flie from your Chamber else you are but dead,
Your Court is all a Bonfire.
Qu. Let it burn, I have lost my credit everlastingly,
I will not move a foot. (*aside.*
Clot. You must be forced then. (*Exit* Eunuch *haste to*
Land. Ladie, *quench the fire.*
Where is your wit now in necessitie?
We shall be taken, and you sham'd for ever.
Bethink, bethink your self, what shall we do? (*aside.*
Qu. I have't, it shall be so, there, put on that,
And as the dore flies open meet him full
Appearing in his Brothers warlike form,
Thou wilt amaze, and so passe by him safely.
Do not appear to me, I did not wound thee, (*alone this.*
Seek out the beds of those that caus'd thy death,
And howl to them thy pitious complaints;
O do not look on me, be gone, be gone.
Clot. Whom d'ee hold discourse with, with the air?
Bethink your self, this is no time to dallie.
Qu. O my Son, such horrid apparitions full of dread
Have I beheld, have quite unwitted me;

Thy

Thy brothers Ghoſt, young *Clovis* Ghoſt in armes
Has thrice appeare'd to me this diſmal night,
You heard me ſpeak too't.

Clot. True, I heard you ſpeak,
But what of that?

Qu. Calls for *Apbelia*
To bear him company i'th'other world,
Or elſe hee'l nightly haunt us in our ſleep.

Enter Landrey, *as in the Princes Armour.*

Clot. O ſee it comes!

Qu. Fear it not, Son.

Clot. What art thou that uſurp'ſt this dead of night,
In metal like the age? why art thou ſent
To caſt a horror on me? If thy ſoul
Walks unreveng'd, and the grim Ferriman
Deny thy paſſage, I'l perform thy rights. (*the Ghoſt points to*
O do not wound me with ſuch piteous ſigns, *his wounds.*
Leſt I diſſolve to air, and like thy ſelf
Affright fool mortals: If that thou deſir'ſt
Apbelia's death t'appeaſe thy troubled ſoul,
Make ſome conſenting ſign, and ſo depart.
Thy ſight afflicts my ſoul. (*Enter Queen.*

Qu. How fares our Son? (*He bends and ſo goes off; then at the other door enter* Eunuch.

Clot. It was my brothers ſpirit; nothing but *Apbelia*?

Qu. She muſt die, you ſee it's requiſite.

Clot. Would he had askt my life firſt.

Qu. Why ſhould you be ſo fond upon a woman?

Clot. Woman's the leaſt part of her, ſhee's all Goddeſſe.

Qu. 'Twas your offer;
Re nember there's no jeſting with the Gods.

Eu. What might this mean? ha, where are my brains?

Clot. I had forgot my ſelf, your pardon mother;
Bear her from me this Jewel, I eſteem
Equal with life; it was my brothers picture;
And with it, this, that ſhe prepare to die;
Pray her to take it; and in death, but kiſſe

This sad remembrance for the Tenders sake,
Although for his whose form it represents,
And I shall take it for the greatest grace
That she can give, or I ought to desire.
Tell her, and if you can be mov'd to sorrow
Expres it in your tears; it is not I
Pronounce this fatall sentence 'gainst her life
Which needs must ruine mine, but the hid will
And providence of heaven, 'gainst which to rage
It were as impious as not obey.
My brothers funeral is her dying day.
Tell her, though reason and my will do jarr,
My soul speaks peace, although my sentence war.
Say I love, and pray her to forgive me. (*Exit Queen.*
Go, all attend my Mother; my estate
Delights not in Court Ceremony; stay,
Castrato stay, (*Exeunt all but the* Eunuch & Clota.
And with thy Counsel cure the dying Prince;
Thou art my bosome, *Eunuch*, and to thee
I dare unclasp my soul; what's to be done?
This is a damned spirit I have seen,
And comes to work my ruine.

Eu. What spirit?

Clot. My Brothers spirit in Arms, I sware it came forth here
Out of my Mothers Chamber as I knockt.

Eu. Was it in Armour said you?

Clot. Yes, in that Armor he was m'd to wear.
When we have run a Tilt, till our cleft Spears
Have with their splinters scar'd the Element.

Eu. That Armor shall well remember, I did leave
In the Queens Bed-chamber as yesterday,
After the Triumphs and the Tournaments,
Having unbrac'd the Prince: 'tis even so,
Ha, ha, ha.

Clot. Why this ridiculous passion?
My state requires thy teares, and not thy mirth.

Eu. The Devil came from your Mothers Chamber sir,
She has a circle that can raise a Spirit;

A *Mars* in armor too, ſhe is a *Venus*,
And through your licence *Landrey* is no Eunuch.
Clot. What killing ſenſe thou utter'ſt?
There's ſomething in it I would underſtand,
And yet I dare not; *Landrey?* How know'ſt thou this?
Eu. Since I have gone ſo far, i'l tell you;
I looked in at th'Keyhole, and I ſaw
Him in your Mothers arms upon the bed,
As ſportingly as e'r I ſaw your Father.
Clot. Thou ly'ſt, take that; ſuſpition doubls fees, (*ſtrikes*
Jealous informers ne'r meet better feer. *him, & offers to go out.*
Eu. King, thou hadſt better far have ſtruck thy Father,
Dig'd up his bones and plaid at logats with them.
Strucken? (*the King returns*
Clot. I know not, *calmly.*
My Mother alwaies had a ſcanted fame;
His thoughts too have been mine; I was to blame,
Prethee forgive me; my paſſions but like lightning,
Flaſh and away, dead e'r we ſay it is;
I am not alwaies angry, let that aſſure:
My Mother may be falſe, ſhe is a woman. (*gives him his*
Prethee deliver, come I will believe thee *Purſe.*
Even to the utmoſt ſyllable.
Eu. Then, ſhe is falſe.
Clot. And didſt thou ſee him mount my Mothers bed?
Eu. Elſe pull theſe out.
Clot. Thou haſt ſhot poyſon through me;
Falſe with *Landrey*, her ſometime Page?
Eu. Even with the ſame.
Clot. But wherefore would they have *Aphelia* die?
There lies the myſtery.
Eu. They fear you will accept her as the Queen.
Of whom you may beget a hopeful iſſue
And fruſtrate their intents, who but expect
Your hop'd-for death, and perhaps plotted too,
That ſo they might become, what now you croſs,
Lawfully man and wife, and govern in your ſeat.
Clot. This carries ſhew of truth, or is't a lie

Well ſhadowed by the ſlave? I cannot tell:
My mother certainly is not ſo bad,
It is a ſin to think it; hence and avoid my ſight
Thou ſower of debate, thy ſeeds are ſtrow'd,
On ſteril ground, and therefore ill beſtow'd. (*Exit.*

Ea. Is't even ſo, work and about my brain,
I'm loſt for ever if not cloſe again. (*Exit.*

Scena II.

Enter Dumain, Martell, Bourbon, Lanove.

Lano. Are all your Troops well furniſh'd 'gainſt reſiſtance.
Are your men bold and daring, reſolute
To run your hazard, indifferent rich, not poor,
That only fight for bread? ſuch oft betray
The ſinews of a well knit plot for gain,
When theſe as well fight to defend as win.

Dum. Noble *Lanove*,
Mine know, nor fear no death, ſouls of that fire,
They'l catch the bullet flying, ſcale a wall
Battled with Enemie, ſtand breaches, laugh
The thunder of a Canon, call it muſick
Fitter a Ladies Chamber than the field;
When o're their heads the Element is ſeel'd,
Darkned with Darts, they'l fight under the ſhade,
And ask no other roofs to hide their heads in;
They fear not *Jove*, and had the Giants been
But half ſo ſpirited, they had diſthron'd him:
Kill, till they'r kill'd with killing, and oftner die
Wearied then wounded, being more oppreſt
With giving wounds than taking; when they fall,
They fall not vanquiſh'd, but by fate betraid;
Such are the men I lead.

Mart. They'r Souldiers fit to ſack a Kingdom then,
And ſhare the ſpoil between them.

Bourb. Were it come to that ſport once.

Dum. Bourbon, it muſt, or ſome of us muſt fall.

Mart. Where ſhall we firſt attempt?

Dum. The Citadel.

Lanove. I ſay no, it's dangerous.

Dum. It is the ſafeſt courſe.

Mart. Believe it not, it's full of hazard.

Dum. So is the general enterpriſe in hand.

Lano. But this of certain ruine.

Mart. Give me a reaſon, why you would invade
The Palace firſt, and I am ſatisfi'd?

Dum. Then underſtand, *Lamot* lives ſtill at Court:
Diſguiſed like a formal Surgion,
To whom the Prince being delivered
To be embalm'd and boweld, finding life
Yet in his Corps, which way he's very skilful,
He's balſomed all his wounds and cur'd him.

Lano. And what of all this!

Dum. Have temperance, and hear the reſt:
For this the Prince h'as promiſ'd him the place,
The grand commander of the Citadel,
Whoſe aid can ſtead us infinitely.

Lano. It is certain?

Dum. I did but even now receive this Letter, [*ſhews the*
Which conſtantly affirms it from himſelf; *Letter.*
He ſaies it is not known in Court yet, that the Prince lives,
For divers reaſons beſt known to themſelves;
And herein doth require our ſecrecie,
Therefore dear friends be warie to divulge it,
Beſides he ſaies here,
That the great Monſeiur's ſuppoſ'd funeral
This day's ſolemnized with greateſt pomp;
And now *Apbelia* dies a ſacrifice
That hour he is buried on his Herſe:
What if we made attempt to ſave the Virgin?

Lano. It may not be, better ſhe fall alone,
Than all us together. And now beſt friends
Let us behave us bravely, it's no baſe act
We undertake, but our whole Countries freedom
From Slaverie and bondage; men of worth ſtand bare
To pages and gilt Butterflies? beſides the Queen

Will grave us all rather than want sport
In spilling humane blood; come, let's withdraw,
And lay the platform of this mightie work;
My soul sits smiling in me, I divine
Though now it lowr, I shall see Sun will shine. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clovis *and* Lamot *both disguised.*

Clo. Strephon, for so thou nam'st thy self, thou'st made
Thy Prince thy subject by thy timely cure;
This is the hour I must be buried living;
And this the hour the fair *Aphelia*
Dies on my Herse t'appease my wandring Ghost;
Say *Strephon*, is it so?

Lam. Nay this the very minute: hark, I hear them
Coming. (*sad solemn musick.*

Clov. Stand close here, wee'l observe the Mourners.

Enter six of the Guard, their Halberds reverst, then a Cardinal, Landrey, Old Brissack; *then the Herse born by six young men, then* King, Queen, Eunuch *holding up her train, two or three Ladies, these in mourning: at the other door, a* Headsman, *two Nuns in white singing,* Aphelia *with a Garland on her head, led by two little boies in white; after these, more Virgins adorned like the rest; both Troops passe by each other; the song ended, the Herse is set down between both companies,* Aphelia *mourning at one end, and the* King *at the other, who after a little pause speaks.*

The Song by Nuns.

Come blest Virgins come and bring
To this Goddess offering,
Offer to her kisses, such
As make good better by the touch;
Where her eyes let fall a tear,
Another Paradice springs there;
It's preposterous crueltie
To sacrifice a Deitie
If a true path should be trod,
To her sacrifice a God.

Clo:

Clot. Set down, ſet down your honourable load,
Fitting an *Atlas* ſhoulder; burden of grace
And majeſtie immenſe, whoſe weight doth load
Heavens ſtooping Porter, under which he groans
More than the Sphæres, and ſweats thy weight not theirs;
Let me bedew thy Herſe with pious tears,
Balm to wounds, repenting ones; look down
From heaven empereal and behold me ſtand
All flood in ſorrow, drown'd in mine own tears;
Behold this ſpotleſſe ſacrifice, a Virgin
As pure in thought as Veſture, an Oblation
To ranſome *Jove* and Heaven had he been taken,
And ſo we yeeld her up. (*Delivers her to the Headſman.*

Briſ. O my good Lord,
This is conſpiracie 'gainſt an old mans life;
Have you no other way to murther me,
But to begin with her? are theſe your plots?
You'r weary of my counſel? and my place
May better be ſupply'd by greener heads?
Pray cut of mine, do, do, a weak old man,
My abſence were material, ſince your ſtate
Requires Paracides about you,
Alas I may be ſpar'd; why muſt ſhe die?
Becauſe ſhe's fair? or that a Prince
Once thought her ſo? the fault is none of hers,
Let nature ſuffer for't; if it prove Art,
Or that with plaiſtred cunning ſhe did catch
Your Brothers love with an adulterate form,
I yeeld her up as not aly'd to me;
If not, why ſhould ſhe ſuffer?

Clot. *Briſac*, peace,
Clov. What pageant's this? (*The King takes the ſword from the Executioner.*
Clot. Be it no wonder Lords
To ſee a Prince an Executioner;
Far be it from the dignitie of *France*
To let a ſoul forth ſo refin'd as her's
With mercinary hands.
Lam. Contain your ſelf,

You

You may prevent the danger when you please.

Clot. Behold the conquest of thine eyes *Aphelia*, (*The King*
France at thy foot, tread on his Royaltie; *kneels and laies*
Or if thy nature knows not to forgive, *the sword at*
Which to believe were impious, take this sword *Aphelia's foot*
And search my heart, send me a sacrifice
T'appease the troubled spirit of thy love.

Qu. O *Eunuch*, that shee'd take him at his word. *aside.*

Clot. I find a speaking pitty in thine eyes,
Which thence will drop upon thy gentle tongue,
And cry in peace, Long live my Soveraign.

Aphe. Long live *Clotair*, long live my Soveraign.

Clot. The motions of the Sphæres moves in that tongue.
Turn all your sables to the Tyrian dye,
Your dirges into sprightful wedding airs.
Why looks our Court so sad? is this a time
To anchor your aspects unto the earth?
By my blest self, he's trayton to the height,
That do's not streight salute her as his Queen.

Omnes. Long live *Aphelia* Queen of *France* and us.

Lamot. Do you hear this? what are you planet-strooken?
Clovis, Prince, Monsiure?

Qu. What will *Clotair* do?

Clot. What heaven ha's pointed for him, Marry her.

Qu. Thy Grave, thy Grave first *Clotair*.

Clot. Cardinal. (*The Cardinal and the*

Qu. What evil spirit's crept into my Son? (*King whisper.*
Venom'd his noble nature, sicknes all
His wholesome faculties, slain's divinity?
Are these your vows? or canst thou couzen heaven?
Necessity of fate depends on it,
You know she must to earth.

Clot. I, but not yet:
Since she ha's conquer'd me, that could do fate,
Had she joyn'd with me, the aw'd destinies
Spin her decrees, and what she wills they act;
Sith then what must be, must be, joyn our hands.

Lam. Now, now, prevent him yet; O statue Prince
Thou art undone for ever. (*The Monsieur stands amaz'd*
Clov. Where am I?
Awake? for ever rather let me sleep.
Is this a Funeral? O that I were a Herse,
And not the mock of what is pagented.
Clot. Amazement quite confounds me, *Clovis* alive!
Lam. Yes sir, by my Art he lives, though his desire
Was not to have it known; this Chest contains
Nothing but spices sweetly odoriferous.
Clot. Into my soul I welcome thee dear Brother;
This second birth of thine brings me more joy,
Than had *Aphelia* brought me forth an Heir,
Whom now you must remember as a Sister.
Clo. O that in nature there was left an Art,
Could teach me to forget I ever lov'd
This her great Masterpiece; O well built frame,
Why dost thou harbour such unhallow'd guests
To house within thy bosome perjurie?
If that our vows are registred in Heaven,
Why are they broken on Earth——? *Aphelia*,
This was a hasty match, the subtil air
Ha's not yet cool'd the breath, with which thou swor'st
Thy self into my soul; and on thy cheeks,
The print and path-way of those tears remain
That woo'd me to believe so: flie me not, (*She gives back.*
I am no spirit; tast my active pulse,
And thou shalt find it make such harmony,
As youth and health enjoy.
En. The Queen she faints.
Clov. Is there a God left so propitious
To rid me of my fears; still let her sleep,
For if she wake (O King) she will appear
Too monstrous a spectre for frail eyes
To see and keep their senses.
Lam. Are you mad?
Clo. Nothing so happy *Strephon*, would I were;
In times first progress I despair the hour.

That brings such fortune with it: I should then
Forget that she was ever pleasing to me,
I should no more remember she would sit
And sing me into dreams of Paradice;
Never more hang about her Ivory neck
Believing such a one *Diana's* was,
Never more dote the breaths Arabia,
Or kiss her Corral lip into a paleness.

Streph. See, she's return'd, and with majestique gaze,
In pitty rather than contempt, beholds you.

Clov. Convey me hence some charitable man, (*admiring!*
Lest this same Creature, looking like a Saint,
Hurry my soul to hell, she is a fiend
Apparell'd like a woman, sent on earth
For mans destruction.

Clot. Rule your disorder'd tongue,
Clovis, what's past, we are content to think,
It was our brother spoke, and not our subject.

Clov. I had forgot my self, yet well remember
Yo Gorgon ha's transform'd me into stone,
And since that time my language ha's been harsh,
My words too heavy for my tongue, too earthly,
I was not born for trust me *Sibella*
Before I was possest with these black thoughts,
I could sit by thy side, and rest my head
Upon the rising pillows of thy breast,
Whose natural sweetness would invite mine eyes
To sink in pleasing slumbers, wake and kisse
The Rosebeds that afforded me such blisse;
But thou art now a general disease
That eat'st into my Marrow, turn'st my blood,
And mak'st my veins run poyson, that each sense
Groans at the alteration; am I the Monsture
Do's *Clovis* talk his sorrows, and not act?
O man bewomaniz'd: wert thou not mine,
How comes it thou art his?

Clot. You have done ill,
And must be taught so: you Capitulate
Not with your equal *Clovis*, she's thy Queen.

Clov.

Clov. Upon my knees I do acknowledge her *(he kneels.*
Queen of my thoughts and affections
O pardon me, if my ill-tutor'd tongue
Ha's forfeited my head; if not, behold
Before the sacred Altar of thy feet,
I lie a willing sacrifice.

Aphe. Arise:
And henceforth *Clovis* thus instruct thy soul;
There lies a depth in faith, which earthly eyes
May faintly look into, but cannot fathom;
You had my vow till death to be your wife,
You being dead my vows were cancelled,
And I as thus you see bestow'd.

Clo. Farewell;
I will no more offend you: would to God
Those cruel hands not enough barbarous,
That made these bleeding witnesses of love,
Had set an endlesse period to my life too.

Clot. Where there's no help it's bootless to complain;
Clovis she's mine; let not your spirit war
Or mutiny within you, because I say't;
Nor let thy tongue from henceforth dare presume,
To say she might, or ever should be thine;
What's past once more I pardon, 'tis our wedding day.

Clo. A long farewel to love, thus do I break *(he breaks*
Your broken pledge of faith, and with this Kiss, *the Ring.*
The last that ever *Clovis* must print here
Unkiss the kiss that seal'd it on thy lips.
Ye powers ye are unjust, for her wild breath
That has the sacred tie of contract broken
Is still the same Arabia that it was *(the King Clotair*
Nay I have done; beware of jealousie, *pulls him.*
I would not have you nourish jealous thoughts;
Though she ha's broke her faith to me, to you
Against her reputation shee'l be true:
Farewel my first love lost; i'l chuse to have
No wife, till death shall wed me to my Grave.
Come *Strephon*, come and teach me how to die,
That gav'st me life so unadvisedly. *Ex. Clovis & Steph.*

Clot. Let *Clovis* that way go, this way will we,
He's great with grief, we with felicity. *Exit All with Clotair.*

Manent Queen and Eunuch.

Qu. Miſchief grows lean *Caſtrato*, all our Plots
Turn head upon themſelves, my brains grow weak;
And in this Globe the policie's not left
To kill a worm unſeen, I am undone,
And all my plots diſcover'd.

Eu. This is ſtrange,
Some comick Devil croſſes our deſigns:
How elſe ſhould he revive, or yea prepar'd.
Nay in the arms *Landrey*, when deſire
Had made you all a Venus, meet event
So barren in their expectations?

Qu. There lies the grief *Caſtrato*; Had the Court,
So I had quencht theſe burning flames within,
Been buri'd in her cinders, I had car'd not.

Eu. But yet *Landreis* eſcape doth qualifie
The non-performance.

Qu. That ſits ſmiling here,
It ſet my brains upon the tentors *Eunuch*;
Was't not a rare device?

Eu. And was not I
As fortunate to leave that Armour there:
But now what's to be done?

Qu. My dull Æthiope,
I will inſtruct thy blackneſs: learn to know
My reputation's ſickned, and my fame
Is look'd into with narrow eyes at Court;
Therefore it's thus decreed, I will remove,
And ſequeſter my ſelf from company.

Eu. Good.

Qu. Thou know'ſt where *Childrick* keep his Concubine
To none diſcover'd by thy ſelf and me,
For which ſhe is no more.

Eu. Right.

Qu. There will I
And my *Landrey* ſecurely ſpend our time.

Revil,

Revil, imbrace, and what not my *Eunuch*:
The Cave that leads unto the poſtern Gate,
Which *Childrick* made, will give him entrance:
No eie acquainted, being thus retir'd.
What luſt inflam'd muſt be thy luſt unfir'd.
Eu. Excellent miſtriſs, I applaud your brain.
Qu. I will away to night, I cannot brook
Theſe loathed Nuptials, they have undone
My hopes on Earth for ever, therefore my *Eunuch*,
Acquaint *Landrey* with theſe deſigns.
Eu. What elſe?
Qu. If by the engine of thy ſtronger brain,
Thou couldſt remove--
Eu. Aphelia or the King,
Monſiure, or all; it is not ſo my Queen?
Qu. Thou haſt a brain which doth ingender thoughts
As regal as our own, which do beget
A race of rare events: what pitty 'tis
Thy body ſhould be ſterril, ſince thy mind
Is of ſo pregnant and a fruitful kinde:
Farewel remember me. [*Exit. Queen.*
Eu. Remember you?
Your Gibſhip ſhall be thought on fear it not:
And now bethink thee *Eunuch*, all thy plots
Find fruitleſs iſſues, only in the King,
His worſhip walkt into the other world,
Like a tame ſuckling pig that dy'd o'th pipp:
The trouble is behind, my hate extends
To the whole family, I muſt root them up,
And beldam firſt with you: but how? but how?
If (in her proud deſire) I do prevent
Her luſt this ſecond time, before the third
She may repent and ſave her loathed Soul,
Which my revenge would damn: yet were ſhe croſt,
Her luſt being now at full flood in her,
And no way left to quench her burning flame,
Her drier bones would make a bonefire,
Fit for the Devil to warm his hands by:

Stay, ſtay, *Caſtrato*, no this muſt not be,
Nor muſt the high and mighty Queen *Aphelia*
This night enjoy her Bridegroom, I muſt ſet
Some miſchief inſtantly on foot to ſtop it;
If I miſcarry in it ſtory ſhall tell,
I did attempt it bravely though I fell. (*Enter Lamot and*
Clov. Diſſwade me not, *Caſtrato* I have ſought thee *Clovis.*
Through every angle of this ſpatious Court,
I've buſineſſe to impart.
Eu. And ſo have I.
Clo. Mine is of honourable conſequence,
And doth require thine aid.
Eu. So doth mine yours.
Clo. Aphelia is ——
Eu. Your Brothers Wife, and you
Would fain enjoy her too: why ſir you may,
But time muſt work her.
Clo. Eunuch, thou art wide;
Thoſe vanities of love are quite extinct,
Revenge doth ſwell the Monſiure, and his thoughts
Which burn within him muſt be quencht with blood:
I have incenſt the King with yellowneſs,
With doubtful phraſes on *Aphelia's* fame;
See'ſt thou this Letter, 'tis a ſcript I feign'd, (*Shews a Paper.*
For I can counterfeit *Aphelia's* hand;
The King ha's baniſh'd *Landrey* from the Court,
Becauſe he wore the Jewel which he ſent
To his *Aphelia*: light ſuſpitions,
But this ſhall aggravate; fiund thou the King,
Shew him this note, it doth expreſſe great love
To *Landrey* from *Aphelia*; and withall,
It mentioneth the Jewel as a Gift
To gratifie her ſervant; this to the reſt
Of poyſon he ha's ſuck'd already in,
Will ſo inflame him, that the Court ſhall burn
Too hot for his *Aphelia*.
Eu. Think it done;
But now your aid, ſince that your mind is bent

On

On honourable ends, here's one will trie you.
Clo. Thou'dst have me joyn my self unto the Rebels,
And with my person grace their cause, perhaps
That is not now to plot.
Eu. I find you high,
Worthy the name of Monsieur; yet your thoughts
Hit not my purpose, it is such that made
Your Brother quake to hear.
Clo. What is it *Eunuch*?
If that it bear an honourable sound,
Though death stood gaping wide to swallow me,
I would not shrink nor fear.
Eu. Noble, hear it then,
Your Mother's loose, and this night renders up
Her body unto lust, if not prevented;
I can direct you where, and when, with whom.
Clo My soul finds the man, is't not *Landrey*?
Eu The same.
Clov. I'l tear him all to pieces then,
Whore my Mother; *Eunuch* lead the way,
In what thou shalt prescribe we will obey. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter *Clotair*, *Solus*,

Clot. VVHat vulture gripes me here, ha, what art thou?
If thou beest jealousie mount and be gone;
Flie to the vulgar bosome, whose cheap thoughts
Despair their own performance; in a Prince
Thou shew'st a nature retrogade to honour.
Suppose she gave the Jewels, must it follow
She therefore is disloyal? poor consequence,
A Bable for a boy to play withall;
I am resolv'd, heark, I here her comming;
O *Juno*, what a look and gate is there!

Enter

Enter Aphelia *as going to bed, two or three Ladies with Lights.*

Aph. Mock me not Ladyes with this Ceremony,
For I am fitter to attend on you;
I am become a ſervant and a ſlave
To every moody paſſion of my Lord.
All that's behind I can perform my ſelf,
Without this complement.

1 *Lady.* Sweet Lady,
You muſt not weigh theſe things ſo deeply,
Your Lord is of a noble ſpirit;
And you ſhall ſee how calm he will return,
Bleſſing your Bridal Bed with fruitful iſſue.

Aph. No, no;
The Safforn-coated Hymen frowns upon us,
Theſe Tapers here were lighted at a pile,
As ſit Attendants on the Grave, not Bed;
Juno denies her preſence at this match,
And all the ill preſaging birds of night
Sing fatal Requiems for a Bridal Song;
O Ladies, is not this ominous.

Clot. Yes my *Aphelia*, if that ragged fate
Lie in a kiſs, then it is ominous
Let me dwell here; I am raviſht,
Am I on Earth? no, Heaven is here,
And all th'unimitable joys, that Poets feign,
Are better'd in thy goodneſs.

Aphe. I hope your fears are ſatisfied now,
You bear a brow ſo ſweetly pleaſant.

Clot. What pretty foolery is this *Aphelia*?
I am not jealous, for by all that good
I cannot think thee evil; kiſs me ſweet, (*kiſſes her.*
There's no deceit lies here; again, agen: (*again kiſſes.*
Her kiſſes melt upon my lip, if ſin
Have ſo much heaven in't, i'l be a ſinner;
Prethee forgive my folly that could be wrought
To ſuch a ſenſeleſs paſſion, come let's in
And ſhake this off as it had never been.

We

1 *Lady.* We must a while my Lord intreat your absence,
We have some certain Notions to deliver,
Some pillow counsels; I'l assure your highness
It shall be no wayes prejudicial to you.

2 *Lady.* You see she's not prepar'd, till that's perform'd
She's ours; that done, we yeild her up
To the dark night, and mercy of your Lordship

Clot. Go then unharnis your Lady for these wars,
For we are of the *Camilli*, and fight naked. *(Exe. Ladies*
Ye powers that favour Lovers, infuse apt strength *& Aphe.*
Through every nerve and sinew of this frame;
Make me all pleasure; and unto the bride
Add every vein a *Venus*; guide me light,
Where in on bed lies all the worlds delight.

Offers to go out and meets the Eunuch.

Eu. Not yet in bed! O happy, happy minute,
Until this hour I ne'r was fortunate;
I have preserv'd my King, my Prince, my Patron,
From the loose ardor of a Strumpets bed.

Clot. What's this?

Eu. Be not this second time incredulous,
And scorn my honest heart; or grant you were,
I deal not now on doubts, your wife is false;
Dishonest as the Suburbs, I am loath
To nominate her whore though it be true.

Clot. True? ha!

Eu. Leave this Lethargiz'd passion which benumns
Your nobler nature; turn your eyes on this; *(shews a Letter.*
Whose Character is this?

Clot. It is *Aphelia's* hand, the very same.
Which I have often seen *Clovis* peruse *(The bed thrust*
In his loves amorous pursute *forth with* Aphe. *asleep.*

Eu. Read the contents.

Clot. A Letter that she loves *Landrey*, with thanks
For his so frequent visits, which she repaies
With the rich Jewel sent her by the King;
Wishing a perpetuitie of imbracements.
Ten thousand Ravens crook in this black paper.

How came you by it.

En. I ſaw it drop from *Landry*, but ne'r thought
'Fore I perus'd it what it did contain;
Which finding, in my dutie I was bound
To ſave my Prince from ruine.

Clot. Hold my heart,
Oh what ſhall *Clotair* do? — it cannot be:
Do but behold her face, and thou ſhalt read
What we call vertue there, and modeſtie:
Here is a look would perſwade crueltie
To ſigh and ſhed a tear, bribe *Nemeſis*
To knot her ſteely ſcourg with Plume of Down,
And *Jove* himſelf to call her vice a vertue.

En. A book of Devils may have the Cover gilt:
Treaſon lies Cabin'd in the ſmootheſt brow:
The Devil can aſſume an Angels form:
Your wife is fair, but fair to do you harm.

Clot. O ſay not ſo, ſhe is the neateſt cut
As e'r was printed by the hand of Heaven:
Here is a volumn of Divinitie,
Compos'd ſo rarely, that to add to this,
Or take away from hence, were ſuch a ſin
Repentance could not expiate: i'l not touch
With hands unhallowed ſuch a puritie,
Could it change all my thoughts to peace and ſilence.

En. My Lord —

Clot. Peace ſlave,
Thou that infects all peace.

En. Why are you thus diſtemper'd? let not truth
Make you ſo wild a tempeſt: were it falſe,
Or that I ſought the ruine of your houſe,
Your youth and honour, then it were a time
To ſwell beyond all charming down, but being truth—

Clot. Truth! hence and avoid my ſight, flie where the world
Promiſcuouſly combines without diſtinction:
Where every man is every womans husband,
Or where it's thought a courteſie to have
A fellow-labourer in the marriage bed.

Theſe

These were a people that might bear with thee,
And fit for thee to dwell with; hence away,
And if thou lov'st thy life, acquaint thy feet
With such by-paths that we may never meet. *Exit.*

Eu. This Prince is of a nature mild and gentle,
His mothers milk's too fluent in his eyes,
And much I fear his resolution:
Yet I will work him forward, she awakes (*Aphelia stirs*
I'l after him and fetch him back; if then *in the bed.*
She scape his hate, Hell has no power with men. (*Ex. Eu.*

Aphe. Oh, oh, oh, help, help my Lord and Husband;
O my Father, my Lord and husband; help, help.
Blesse me Divinity, is it but a Dream! ha the light
Gone; who waits there? *Isabel, Julia.*

Isa. It was my Ladies voice, do's she call for help? (*Ent. Isab.*
I cannot blame her; were I in her place I should *with a light.*
Do so too, the Prince looks like a bungler.

Aphe. Who's there? *Isabel?*

Isa. Did you call Maddam?

Aphe. Saw'st thou nothing? where is my Lord?

Isab. Is he absent? I cannot blame her then to cry for help,
I should do it my self; a Prince, a Puppit would have
Been more manly: how do you Madam?

Aphe. All stands not well.

Isab. I believe that faithfully.

Aph. O Girl I've past the dismal'st part of night,
As ever tortur'd fancy with extremes.

Isab. If all Brides should be so tortur'd, i'd forswear
Marriage.

Aphe. Methoughts I saw my Father in a Vault,
His silver hair made crimson with his blood;
My brother at his Herse upon his knees,
Taking a solemn oath for his revenge;
Yet all this while fancy so fool'd my sense,
Methought that I was here; where on the instant,
My Lord in preparation for my bed,
Was by an ugly fiend ravisht from hence
And hurried to destruction; here I awaked,

And truſt me *Iſabel* I ſcarce believe
But what I ſaw was real; heard'ſt thou nothing?
Iſab. I heard diſcourſe of people in your Chamber
Some half an hour ſince, but they went forth,
And to my ſeeming full of diſcontent,
But know not who they were.
Apbe. Oh it is too true;
I'l to my Fathers, my Prophetique ſoul
Sits like a Mine of lead within me; come
Help me to mourn my Girl, for this ſad ſight
Befits a Funeral not a Bridall night. (*Exeunt ambo.*
Clot. I am reſolv'd *Caſtrato*, i'l be cruel, (*Ent. Clot. and*
Since ſhe's defil'd; and like a Chriſtal well *the Eunuch.*
Has her ſpring poyſon'd by the enemie,
For which it's death for the beſieg'd to taſt,
Such are adulterate waters; ſay *Eunuch*,
What read'ſt thou in our brow? ſpeak truly man.
Eu. A fooliſh grudging of the Mother ſtill.
Clot. A ſetled reſolution my black Saint,
Not to be altred by the brackiſh tears
Which flow in pregnant eies of eaſie women.
Slack pietie,
And riſe black vengeance from the depth of hell,
And fate me her deſtruction; lock up in me
The Organs of remorſe, all faculties
That write me man, or mankind; create
A ſpirit of horror in me, apt me to look
Upon ſuch deeds nature would tremble at,
And the deſcreet compoſure of the world
Melt and diſſolve to nothing, whilſt I unmov'd
Smile at the alteration; infuſe ſuch ſoul,
And I ſhall then behold all cruelty
Humane invention e're was guilty off
And whilſt I groan under extremity,
Stand and applaud the Executioner;
My honour calls for vengeance, and i'l do: ha, (*drows his*
How? ſhe gone, & I have loſt mine anger too. *Dagger & goes*
Eu. But whether is ſhe gone, to ſome new Groom, *to the bed.*

Who

Who being fool'd her expectation,
Will make thee Cuckold on thy wedding night.
Clot. Thou haſt awak'd me, i'l know where ſhe is,
Hell, nor her darker deeds ſhall hide her from me.
Who waits, Lackey? *Enter Lackey.*
Lack. My Lord.
Clot. Where is thy Lady? where's *Aphelia*?
Lack. She's even now gone forth.
Clot. Gone forth, with whom?
Lack. There was one with her, but whether man or
Woman I am uncertain, but ſure 'twas a man,
She would not dare to venture out ſo late elſe.
Clot. Get to thy reſt. (*Exit Lackey.*
I'l take thy word *Eunuch* for the Kingdoms wealth.
Eu. Oh do you begin to credit now,
Now when perhaps it is too late, this comes of patience;
Clot. Turn patience into fury, love to hate,
My ſofter temper to a heart of ſteel;
Reſpect of wedlock and the ſacred vow
Made 'fore the holy Altar to the Prieſt,
Thus do I fling ye off; revenge ſhall move
About her bridall bed inſtead of love. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. II.

Enter Clovis, Lamot, *and three or four of the Guard.*

Clo. Upon your lives let no man paſſe that way.
Om. Guard. Your Grace ſhall be obey'd in all.
Clo. If he reſiſt or offer violence, knock out his brains;
There's your reward, be careful and be gone.
Om. Guard. God preſerve the Monſiure. (*Exit Guard.*
Clo. You ſhall poſſeſs the Cave, my ſelf will in
And viſit theſe night Revellers, ſuch ſport
I will adminiſter ſhall make them dance
Lavalto's in the air, here's that ſhall fidle to them.
Have you the habit *Strephon*?
Lam. With theſe hands
I did diſrobe the ſtatue of your Father,

And they are ready——
Clot. *Landrey*, blood doth ſwell
The Monſiur's thoughts to ſend thy ſoul to Hell.
Exeunt omnes.

SCENA III.

Enter Landrey, *muſick above, and this Song.*

The Song.

Wiſdome bids us ſhun the Court,
What great ones do, fame will report;
Here we may enjoy each other,
And no eie our loves diſcover.
I will make thee choice of poſes,
Beds of Caſſia mixt with Roſes;
Where wee'l toy, and kiſs, and varie
Pleaſures till the morn diſcloſes
All our ſecrets, if thou't tarrie.

Lan. If I will tarry, let me wither here,
Within theſe ſacred walls let me expire,
And ſpend the remnant of my life that's left,
In ſervice of the Deity lives here.
The air's perfum'd each room through which I walk,
Banquets the ſenſes, courts the appetite
Of every faculcie that makes up man,
To complement it into paradice.
If then Elyſium's here; where are thoſe ſhades,
Thoſe bleſſed apparitions Poets feign?
Appear my Goddeſs and out-ſing the Poets: [*Enter Queen.*
Reallity of fancy that excell's it,
The faint expreſſions of a lazie tongue.
Whoſe houſe is roof'd with fleſh; to tell thy wroth,
Tongues tip'd with immortality would faint in't.
Qu. Excellent ſervant, what houſe do you write too?
Poet and Actor both? why, this ſudden gaze,
Your caſes are too narrow for your eyes?
Pray ſpare your Optiques fit for *Venus* ſervice.
Lan. No,
I'l play the prodigall with my precious ſight,

And

And ſpend it all on you; to view your ſecond
Were ſuch a happineſs, after the which
It were a ſin to ſee more.
Qu. Bleſſe me *Rablais*,
And all ye foſter phanſies of the *French*;
What ails the man? my *Landrey* Laureat.
Lan. It is my *Queen* that's Laureat, whoſe bleſt ſight
Creates a Poet; this divine feature
Heaven only made to make man ingenious.
Qu. Is this *Extempore*, or have you hir'd
Some hackney Muſe acquainted with the road
Of vulgar exorciſms to charm cheap beauties;
Take up, at this ſpeed elſe your Muſe will founder.
Land. Founder, and have her founders by? with patience
Hear but theſe poor expreſſions of your worth,
Which faintly paint forth your perfections,
And you ſhall bleſſe my Muſe.
Qu. Well hear your jig,
How is your Ballad titl'd? come pronounce.

Landrey Reads.

From head to foot, Fredigond *been*
Far excelling beauties Queen;
Had Jaſon *but beheld her hair,*
The golden Fleece had ne'r ſeem'd fair;
Thoſe ſtars which mortals ſuppoſe eies,
Were aſcendant in the ſkies,
When it fell to Venus *lot*
That little Cupid *was begot.*
Her tongue in which the Spheares do move,
Organ of divineſt love,
Was by Apollo *fram'd, that be*
From hence might learn more harmonie;
Who noats her teeth, and lips diſcloſes,
Walls of Pearl, and Gates of Roſes;
Two leav'd doors that lead the way
*Through her breath t'*Arabia,
To which would Cupid *grant that bliſs,*
I'd go a pilgrimage to kiſs:
Thoſe hills of ſnow which on her breaſt

Riſe

Riſe ſwelling with their double creſt,
Mate Parnaſſus mountain, whence
The muſes ſuck their eloquence;
Whoſe parts which we will not diſcover
Hee'l imagine that's a lover.
Like Juno *ſhe doth go,*
Like Pallas *talk and ſow,*
Like Venus *in her bliſs,*
Each kiſſe a Cupid *is,*
And her hands as white as ſnow.
From head to foot my Miſtriſs been
Far excelling beauties Queen.

Qu. Leave theſe arial Viands, taſt of that
Is here ſubſtantial; how like you the fruit.?
Land. Let me for ever dwell upon theſe lips.
Qu. You are too greedy of theſe rarities,
And muſt be dieted, leſt ſurfeiting
Your appetite ſhould ſicken and ſo die.
Lan. Die on your lips, O Death-bed for a *Jove*,
Who's buried here, his Grave's immortal love;
Here will I dwell, and know no age nor ſorrow.
Qu. Yet *Childrick* knew them both.
Lan. A frosty Prince
Begot on *Januarie* by a *Dutch man.*
And worthy of thoſe flames he now endures.

Enter Clovis *from under the Stage with his Fathers Gown and Robes on.*

Qu. What noiſe is this? guard me divinitie.
Clov. What has my harſhneſſe done? ſhe is my Mother;
My conſcience tells me I was much to blame
Thus to delude her fancy; ſhe returns.
Qu. O *Childrick* I confeſſe 'twas I that kill'd thee,
Theſe hands adminiſtred the fatal draught
That ſet thy ſoul on wing.
Clov. What do I hear?
Qu. Oh do not ſnatch my ſoul from out this world,
Till I have bath'd it in repentant tears,
And made it fit for heaven.

Clov.

Clov. She faints again; *(he puts off his robes.*
Who waits within? come forth and lend your aid: *(Enter*
O welcome *Strephon*; uſe thy beſt of skill *Lamia at the*
That maſters nature, and doth life reſtore, *trap dor.*
Beyond the Art of *Æſculapius*;
Apply thy gentleſt med'cines. *(Enter Muſicians.*

Lam. Let us withdraw;
My life ſir anſwers hers if ſhe miſcarry.

Clov. What are yee?

Muſi. Muſicians, whoſe obedience
Doth here attend the Queen.

Clov. Bawds, arrant bawds;
I'l talk with you anon; in, in. *(Exeunt omnes.*

Enter the Guard.

1 *Gua.* Stand cloſe, ſtand cloſe, I heard a buſling within here while.

2 *Gua.* Buſling, and they come this way here's that ſhall buſſle them. *(Enter Landrey.*

3. *Gua.* Fly upon him, hee's drunk, and will betray us all.

Land. I am betraid, the Monſiure ſeeks my life,
All waies 'gainſt m'eſcape are fortifi'd;
O cruel fortune bawd to time and fate,
That ſooth'ſt us up to make us ruinate:
For now thou know'ſt no tears, anon no glee,
But only conſtant in inconſtancie *(finds the Robes.*
Ha! what is here? great Goddeſſe pardon me,
I have offended 'gainſt thy Deitie.
This ſhall delude the Watch; thrice bleſſed hap
That thus deliver'ſt whom they would intrap.

2. *Gua.* I will not ſtand, nor I cannot ſtand; d'ee think I'm drunk, what's that?

Om. Gua. Bleſſe us, O bleſſe us; Diabolo, Diabolo.

2. *Gua.* The Devil, what a Devil care I, keep off Devil, I ſay keep of, I do not fear thee; are you
Sneaking back, you cowardly Rogue, d'ee budge;
I hate a cowardly Rogue, as I hate, as I hate the
Devil; take that. *(knocks him down.*

Land. Oh, oh, oh.

2. *Guar.* Oh, oh, oh, I'l make you cry oh;
What Devil made you in my way?
I'l now see what money he carries about him;
Men say the Prince of darkneſſe is a Gentleman,
By'reladie he has good clothes; but yet for all that
He may have no money.

Enter Queen, Clovis, Lamot undiſguiſed, Muſicians.

Qu. I know not where he is, or if I did;
Before i'd yeeld him up to thy revenge,
I'l die ten thouſand deaths.

Clov. Thou glorious light, that in thy natural Orb
Didſt comfortably ſhine upon this Kingdome;
How is thy worth ecclips'd, what a dull darkneſſe
Hangs round about thy fame? in all this piece,
To every limb whereof I once ow'd duty,
I know not where now to find out my mother.

Qu. The Devil and diſobedience blinds your eyes.

Clov. O that I had no eyes, ſo you no ſhame;
Murther your Husband to arrive at luſt,
And then to lay the blame on innocents?
Bluſh, bluſh, thou worſe than woman.

Qu. Ha, ha, ha.

Clov. Hold my heart,
You'r impudent in ſins has your proud page
Made you thus valiant? tell me, where he is;
For if you dally with me, know this hand
Shall rip him from thy heart, though Cabin'd there.

Qu. How dar'ſt thou cloth thy ſpeech in ſuch a phraſe.
To me thy natural Mother?

Clov. My Mother!
Adulterate woman, ſhame of Royaltie,
I bluſh to call thee Mother; thy foul luſts
Have taught me words of that harſh conſequence
That Stigmatize obedience, and do brand
With miſ-becoming accents filial duty:
Deliver quickly where this leacher is,
Here hous'd he muſt be, for he cannot 'ſcape,
Leſt wildneſſe conquering my ſofter ſenſe,

Thruſt

Thruſt forth my hand into an act of horror,
And leave you breathleſſe here.
Qu. What *French* Neromian ſpirit have we here?
Inſolent boy, wilt thou turn Paricide?
Clov. The juſtneſſe of my cauſe would excuſe me
If I ſhould execute; ſpeak murtheresſ,
Where have you mew'd your Monſter?
Qu. Here lies the Monſter, oh rare Monſter; two Berds,
This is a comick Monſter; a Periwick too, this is a Court
Monſter;
D'ee gape, what in the Devils name would you beg now?
Lam. Behold my Lord, the Woodcock's in the Gin,
Here lies the great *Landrey*.
Qu. O horrid ſin.
Clov. This habit might have ruin'd all *Lamot*.
But Goblin now you are caught; what is he dead?
Lam. Scarce hurt my Lord; how is't? look up.
Eu. Where is the Queen? *(Enter Eunuch.*
Qu. Here *Eunuch*, as thou ſee'ſt, in miſery.
Eu. O my heart, how came the Monſiur hither? *Lamot* too?
Qu. All that I know is that we are betraid.
Eu. I'l ſet them packing, fear not, —— my good Lord.
Clov. Thou art a faithful ſervant.
Eu. Sir, the Rebels ——
Clov. Give 'hem a nobler Title, by my life
I do applaud their courage, come they on?
Eu. Yes, and *Briſſac* is made their Generall.
Clov. A hopeful youth, fraught with Nobility,
And all the graceful qualities that write
Man truly honourable; my injuries
Have ſwell'd me up to this.
Eu. His Father's dead.
Clov. Truſt me i'm ſorry, grief has broke his heart,
And mine *Caſtrato* too; canſt thou imagine
Who was the Author of our Fathers death?
Eu. Am I betraid? then lend me impudence,
I'm ſure I cannot bluſh: Royal ſir, whom?
Clov. Our Mother with *Landrey*, and this *Lamot*,
They meant ſhould bear the blame; this was *Strephon*.

Eu. Indeed? —— would I were fairly off.
Clov. But what news with *Aphelia* and her Bridegroom?
Eu. As you could wish, hee's full of jealousie,
No *Frenchman* e're was more *Italian*;
I've wrought him bravely on, your Physick works,
Hither i've brought *Aphelia*; to morrow
You shall hear further sport i'l warrant you;
In the mean while, what will you do with these?
Clov. Castrato thus;
Nature forbids me spill my Mothers blood,
And *Landrey* is unfit for my revenge;
For I must study torments for the slave,
Therefore I give them up to your tuition,
Until I shall return victorious.
Qu. Observ'd you that? there is some comfort yet.
Clov. Then wee'l determine of them, if we fall
Let *Clotair* point them out a funerall:
Reward these with the whip, these with my purse,
His merit is two hundred Crowns, perform it.
2. *Gua.* Drink, I adore thee drink; good fellows all,
Sometimes we rise by drink, but oftner fall. (*Ex.* 2. *Guard.*
Clov. A moral drunkard, go away with them (*Ex. Eunuch,*
And on your life let them not stir from hence. *Musicians,*
Now my revenge grows to maturity, *Landry & Queen.*
Wee'l to *Dumain* (*Lamot*) and joyn with him;
Now *France* thou lieft a bleeding, thou shalt prove
What 'tis to cross the Monsiure in his love (*Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Brissac, Dumain, Bourbon, Lanove, Martel.

Dum. FOr certain then the Princes are at odds.
Bris. Yes, and the ground the marriage of my sister.
Bourb. The Ulcerous state is ripe, and we must launce it.
Bris. The King doth Whore my sister, she's not his,

But

But true and lawfully the Monſiur's wife.

Dum. Did not one *Strephon* wait upon the Monſiure?

Briſ. What's his condition?

Dum. A Surgion, and famous for the cure o'th'Prince.

Briſ. Yes, ſuch there was; but little nois'd at Court.

Dum. That was *Lamot* our faſt and noble friend.

Mart. There's ſome deſign on foot that hinders him,
He would not elſe neglect us.

Within, the Monſiure, the Monſiure, ho, ho, ho.

Briſ. What noiſe is that *Lanove*, ſtep forth and ſee.

Du. O death we are ſurpri[ze]d the Monſiure, ſuddenly (*again*
Snared, let each man to his charge (*again.*

Bourb. Hark, ſtill the noiſe increaſeth.

Briſ. By the ſound, this is a ſhout of joy and not of dread:
Lanove the news? (*En. Lanove, the Monſiure, Lamot & others.*

Monſi. *Briſſac*, *Dumain*, *Martel*, and you the reſt,
Think not I am come a Traytor to your Camp;
I cannot gild my ſpeech with eloquence,
If this will ſerve you ſir, I am a friend.

Briſ. The Monſiur's welcome, and his worth will grace
The dignity of this dayes work in hand.

Monſi. My almoſt Brother once, ſuffice I thank you,
And fairly greet this brave aſſembly,
Whoſe ſouls do look for ſtirring oppoſites,
When your reſiſtance I fear will be ſlender;
But were they centupul'd, I'l fight your cauſe,
Kings arm their ſubjects when they break their laws.

Omnes. Long live the Monſiure.

Monſi. Lead on, away. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCEN. II.

Enter the Eunuch, *whilſt the waits play ſoftly, and ſolemn'y draws the Canopie, where the* Queen *ſits at one end bound, with* Landrey *at the other, both as a ſleep.*

Eu. Here ſits our Bedlam dieted for Venerie,
And by her, her *Landrey* not ſurfeited;
Her Ladyſhip's allow'd a mouldie cruſt,

He ſtinking water to peece out his life,
Between them both they banquet like one ſave,
Condemn'd perpetually to the Burdello;
They think I know not that they thus are us'd,
When it is only I that uſe them thus.
How wickedly they look, oh I could laugh
To hear them rail at others miſery;
He curſes her, and ſhe ſooth curſes him,
And both each other damn for their offences.
Learn ye that pamper up your fleſh for luſt,
The *Eunuch* in his wickedneſſe is juſt. Play louder, they ſleep too long.

Qu. A miſchief take the ke[illegible], hardned dog,
Whom no diſtreſs can melt or mollifie;
The cruell King doth not deny us ſleep,
Although the Nurſers of it, food and eaſe.

Eu. Peace, peace, ye villains ceaſe that ruder noiſe
That breaks your ſofter ſlumbers, gentle Queen,
I am not guilty of theſe harſh-voic d words
Your wilder ſence hurls at me: you miſtake,
I am your *Eunuch*, one that weeps for you.

Qu. Oh *Caſtrato*, waſt not thoſe tears in vain,
Come hither and I'l catch thoſe falling drops
Which prodigally over-flow their banks;
There's Nectar in thine eye, oh let me drink it;
Theſe aged Ciſterns are grown dry, and yeeld
Not one relenting drop to eaſe my thirſt.
Caſtrato, pitty me, my veins are parcht,
And this ſame fleſh which walls about my ſoul,
Chops with exceſſive heat; a little water
Caſtrato, but a little, though it hath been
The birth of Toads, or what the leapers bath'd in;
O ſhew thy love but in a little water,
What can a Queen ask leſſe, or ſubject grant her?

Eu. Though I be tortur'd for it, yet i'l do it. *(Ex. Eunuch.*

Qu. It hath quencht half my thirſt to find ſome pitty.

Land. I cannot bite mine arm, their tyrannie
Denyes me what's mine own to feed upon,

One

One mouthful would ſuffice, I cannot get it,
Poor unfed ſides that paſſe along the ſtreet,
I now am ſenſible of what ye want;
Did I e'r think to die for want of food,
Whoſe table was the world, from whence I cull'd
The rarities of nature to delight me,
And more to feed my luſt than Appetite?
One bit of bread, though it were gray with age,
Hoary and cruſted with a ſecond bark.
Whoſe loathed outſide would not court a Dog
Arm'd with the edg of appetite, would ſeem
A rare rich banquet to my emptie gorge;
Oh I am worn to nothing with this want,
Such emptineſs ha's hunger made of me
That you may draw me on another man.
Some bread, ſome bread.

Enter Eunuch *with Wine and Meat, he congees with great reverence and ceremony to the* Queen.

Qu. Oh thou art welcome,
Quick, dear *Eunuch* quick, what needs this delay?
Away with form and ceremonious duty,
Reſpect in this is too reſpectleſs.
Eu. O give me leave, I will begin a health;
It's very good, exceeding pleaſant Wine.
Qu. Doſt thou deride my ſufferance?
Eu. No, no, not I.
Qu. Give me the drink then, i'm all flame and fire.
Eu. Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? then you muſt pardon me,
I love your ſafety, and it's dangerous
To drink while you are hot, pray cool and tarry:
In the mean while I will begin to you;
How tart and pleaſing this is to the Palate,
A ſweeter Pheaſant Chriſtendom affords not.
Land. I thank thee *Eunuch*, prethee give it me.
Eu. You'l let me taſt it for you, will you not?
Are you ſo ſharply ſet? fie, this ſawce is naught.
Land. Prethee make haſt, hunger digeſt's no taſtes.

Eu.

En. Come sir, I must feed you, oh oh, not so fast,
Be not so hasty, here, still you are too hasty; (*he puts it to his*
Gentle sir, it will digest the better, *mouth, & pulls it away again*
Land. More, more, oh it is excellent.
En. Madam, here's for you now.
Qu. May heaven reward thee for't, oh it's rare.
En. How do you like your banquet great *Landrey*?
Land. Beyond compare.
En. And you your drink?
Qu. The Gods tast not the like.
En. Ha, ha, ha, y'have both eat and drunk abominable poyson.
Qu. Ha!
Land. How!
En. 'Tis true, I tell your Oracle;
There's not an hours life between ye both;
The poyson's sure, I did prepare it for ye,
And have my self taken an Antidote:
What say now to th'other bout with *Landrey*,
I can procure a second meeting for you,
Indeed I can; think you not whoredom sweet
Now you are a dying? is not your soul at ease,
The murther of your Husband but a toy,
A flea-biting? alack you feel it not.
Qu. Inhumane slave, treacherous Rascal.
En. Good words, Lady whore, good words: what are you loose? (*Landrey gets loose.*
Miraculous famine, ha's your empty guts
Perswaded you to valour? will it scratch or bite?
I'm sure't has no weapon, Monsiure disarm'd it. (*shews a keen*
Lan. He did so Rascal, yet your curious search *knife which he*
Ne'r pri'd into this sheath; do you see this: *pulls out of his*
With mine own hands it had let forth mine *sleeve, staggers*
own life, *with faintness.*
Had the proud Monsiure trusted us to any;
Thy self excepted, whom I now perceive
The only Author of our misery. (*The Eunuch tript*
Your very nimble Hell-hound. *up his heels in scuffle*
En. O Lord sir, you know the cause, *and sits on him.*

I'm

I'm lighter by a ſtone or two than you,
Yet I am weight enough to keep you down;
Stir and thou dy'ſt——now ſir, what ſay you to me?
How did you like your old Queen? was ſhe gameſome?
Did ſhe apply her ſelf like an apt whore
Unto your looſe imbraces?

Land. Dog, let me reſt.

Eu. Good my Lord pardon me,
Under your Graces favour be it ſpoken,
You are our cuſhing. and I'l ſit on you.
I am not very heavie, am I ſir? *(joults upon him.*
I do not altogether weigh a man.

Qu. Villanous Traytor,
O let him riſe, and wreck thy ſpite on me.

Eu. You cog now, you'd rather I ſhould kill.

Qu. O ſpare him, ſpare him; *Eunuch* ſave my ſervant,
And i'l forgive thee all the ſinnes againſt me;
There's not an injurie thou doſt to him,
But wounds me to the ſoul.

Eu. Pray then look here,
How eaſily this Skean is ſheath'd in him;
An Engine of his own preparing Ladie,
And pittie't were ſo brave a Gentleman,
Such a neat hopeful whore-maſter as he,
Should die by any weapon but his own.
So periſh all that love Adulterie.
There, ſit thou there again: once more to you, *(he ſets him*
Who if your poyſon do not work too faſt, *in his Chair.*
Shall ſee more ſights like theſe before you die;
But leaſt you ſhould prevent us with your tongue,
I will be bold to gag your Ladyſhip;
I'l leave a peeping hole through which you ſhall
See ſights, ſhall kill thee faſter than thy poyſon; *(draws the*
I am prepar'd now for *Aphelia's* death. *Curtain again.*
All things are ready, and behold the King.
Now for my part. (*Ent.* Clotair *melancholly*

Clot. I am too pittiful, a watrie flux,
Which ſoft and tender hearted men call tears,

Stand on mine eies, and do's expreſs a nature
Too like my Bearer; it is now with me
Full tide in ſorrow, my *Cynthia* governs ſtrongly.
Eu. How fares the great *Clotair?*
Clot. What do the wiſe,
Caſtrato, call the moiſture which preſumes
To meditate betwixt my wrath and me?
Eu. Expreſſions of a weak and ſilly nature,
Paſſion of fools and women: are you a man
And bear ſo tame a ſoul, ſuch a ſmock ſpirit?
The Diſtaff owns more ſpleen, more noble anger;
Pray let her live untill the Pages write,
An hopping balladry verſe rime upon you,
Great *Clotair* had a wife and ſhe was fair,
Yea fairer then the flowerie meads in May; (*ſcoffingly.*
Oh ſhe was fair, yet foul; moſt ridling ſence;
Oh it is horrid; then to conclude
In what a high ſtreign you did take revenge,
How like your houſe and honour, hark, how ſhe dies
Strangled in tears fall'n from the Cuckolds eies;
You are her husband ſir and now muſt own
Her doubtfull iſſue, and' her lawleſſe luſt
Although a Bull ſhould leap her, you muſt father,
And have a drove of forked Animals,
Shall have there horns born with them to the ſound,
'Twill ſave their prodigall wives the reacky labour.
Clot. Marry a Whore? father a baſtard iſſue?
Eu. I tell you truth, there's no avoiding it.
Clot. Come bring her forth. (*Ent. Aphelia drag'd by two Abpe.* Uſe not ſuch violence good Gentlemen, *Ruffins in*
I'l walk a lamb to ſlaughter, not repine *her petticoat & hair.*
At any torments you ſhall put me too,
Onely be modeſt: commend me to my Lord,
I doubt I never ſhall behold him more;
For by the calculation of your looks
I have not long to live.
Clot. True *Aphelia*, confeſs & turn thy fate; give me to know
With what foul Monſter thou haſt wrong'd thy ſoul,

Seam-

Seam-rent that holy weed, Virginitie;
And eaſe me of a load that bears more weight
Than what my youthful ſins have heap'd upon me.
Aphe. If e'r my Lord—
Clot. No more of that, it tends to madneſs;
I'l force it from thee; bring forth the tortures there;
I'l trie if in theſe fiery inſtruments (*Ent. man with pair*
There lie a tongue, which better can perſwade *and irons.*
Confeſſion from thee; theſe red hot applied
Unto thy breaſt adulterate, ſhall extract
All future hope to ſuckle lawleſs iſſue;
Thy poyſonous ſprings which from theſe hills ariſe,
Shall have their fountain head dam'd up by theſe.
Aphe. I've heard you ſwear, that you were poor in words,
And knew not to expreſs the happineſs
Which you conceiv'd was habitable here.
How much my Lord is altred frem himſelf!
Clot. 'Tis thou art altred; true *Aphelia*,
That whilſt thy purer thoughts did awe thy will,
I lov'd like an Idolater: I was poſſeſt
That theſe two twins, theſe Globes of fleſh, contain'd
All that was happy both in earth and heaven;
In this I could deſcrie the Milkey way,
The maiden Zone that girds the waſte of heaven;
In this the ſeat of Paradice, and how
The wanton Rivelets plai'd about the Iſle
Which puzzel yet Geopraphie: all this I could,
I could in thee my ſometime chaſt *Aphelia*
Find and rejoyce in; but thou art now
An undreſt wilderneſs wherein I walk,
Loſing my ſelf 'mongſt multitude of beaſts;
O ſavage actions! Come diſpatch.
Aphe. Sir—?
Clot. I'l hear no more.
Aphe. Heaven will then;
And though it bear an ear far diſtant hence,
Both hear and pitty me. O my lov'd Lord,
Should but a dream work on my fancy,

That you were thus to ſuffer as I am,
It would conſpire to kill me with more ſpeed
Than theſe your threatning Miniſters; alas,
I'l force a gentler nature in the ſteel,
And with my rainy eies weep out their heat;
Which as it dies ſhould hiſs it ſelf to ſcorn,
For offering to contain but fire to hurt you;
And will you then a bold ſpectator ſtand,
Smiling at what I ſuffer? ſhed but one tear,
Or counterfeit a ſorrow for my ſake,
A little ſeeming woe, and I ſhall die
Sick of your kindneſſe, not your crueltie.

Clot. O my ſoft temper, her ſweet harmonie
Wil melt me into fool; to hear theſe words,
The Mother is to buiſie in mine eies;
What ſhall I do?

En. Make a new Hell,
And if thou canſt, create more Devils, do,
And they will find imployment all on her,
For ſince the generall Creation,
Time never did produce a fowler ſinner,
Or one more begger'd hell in puniſhing.

Clot. Thou haſt awak't me; Whore will you confeſſe?
Do not inforce your death through willfulneſs; *(drags her by*
Speak ſtubborn ſilence, or i'l break thy heart, *the hair.*

Aphe. My Lord and Husband, oh my Lord and husband,
Regard my miſerie and pittie me.

Clot. Thou'rt cruel to thy ſelf, I wrong the not:
It is not I that tear this precious Fleece, *(again.*
This glorious excrement, in validitie,
Another *Cholcos* better ſeeming *Jaſon.*
I pull no off theſe curious ſporting Treſſes, *(again.*
Fit braids to Captive Kings hadſt thou been honeſt.
I wound thee not, confeſſe, and live as free
As mountain air, I will not injure thee.

Aphe. My gracious Prince, *I* dare not call you husband,
Your actions do forbid, which write me ſlave
And not your equall; if to be your wife

Has

Has plukt this misery upon my head,
Or caus'd in you this phrensie, put me off,
I will indure it patiently; but if e'r——

Clot. The old tune this, come, come, the Irons there.

Aphe. Oh, oh, oh, cruel my Lord, unmanly; (*they bind her to*
I will not curse yet heaven, no nor blaspheme, *the Chair, the*
Although my injuries would half perswade, Eu. *much fears*
Gods are not, or deaf to innocents. *her breast*

Sould. Arm, arm, my Lord, the Castle's wall'd about (*Enter*
With living Clay, three times ten thousand men, *a Souldier*
Approved Warriers, souls of blood and fire, *hastily with his*
That onely know to do, and not to suffer, *sword drawn.*
Make head against you; believe me sir,
A braver Troop, and spirits more resolv'd,
Life never put in action: young *Brissac*
Now old enough to quit his Fathers death,
Together with the ruin of his Sister,
Has vow'd destruction to your name and ashes.

Clot. Let them come on, wee'l dare them do their worst;
This Castle will indure a fortnights siege,
Before the expiration of which time,
My Brother with his fellow Peers of *France*,
Shall whip these Rebels for their insolence.
Know'st thou ought else, why dost thou shake thy head?

2 *Sould.* Fly, fly, my Lord. (*Enter another Souldier.*

Clot. Villain, it is no language for a Prince. (*strikes him.*

2 *Sould.* Then stand upon your guard: yet that's as bad,
The Castle's wall'd about with walking steel,
And you but tempt your death in your escape,
If you stay here, provoke it.
The Monsiur, like the God of war, bestrides
A bounding Courser, who is therefore proud
To be so back'd, as knowing whom he bears.
So Centaur-like he's anckor'd to his seat,
As he had twind with the proud steed he rides on:
He grows unto his saddle all one piece,
And that unto his Horse: who thus unmov'd,
Sits like a *Perseus* on his *Pegasus*,

Stable and fleet. Who at head of all his Troops,
With words inflames 'em that did burn before,
But now appear much brighter; their glistering arms
Reflecting 'gainst the Sun, doth lightning mock;
Unto which blaze, their Drums and Horses hoofs
Do not want much of Thunder: such is the show,
As if great *Mars*, angry with humane race,
Did lead the Gods to battle 'gainst the Earth.

Eu. How does your Grace? how fares your Majestie?

Clot. The Monsiur? did he not name the Monsiur?

2 *Sould.* I did my Lord.

Clot. Is he joyned with them too?
Then Dooms-day is at hand, I see my ruine.
Go to the Castle walls to summon them
To render an accompt of their intents.
Ask the proud Monsiur (though I know the cause) *Looks on*
Why his presumptious and ambitious feet, *Aphelia.*
Have on the bosome of his mother earth,
Made a broad road of treason: go, begone. (*Exe. Souldiers.*
Castrato thou dost love me i'm sure thou dost;
I have such proofs of thy true hearted-love,
That I must put my life into thy hands.
Thou see'st how all things stand, my wife she's false,
Her brother seeks my life; the Monsiur's thoughts
(Back'd with the ever factious souls of *France*)
Aim at the Gallick Crown and dignity,
Whil'st I a catiff and neglected Prince
Must fall by traytors hands.

Eu. What mean you sir?

Clot. Look here's a Pistoll in whose womb lies death,
A heavie leaden sleep.

Eu. Would you I should
Trie the conclusion here? make her confesse
By other instruments her horrid guilt,
In this there is too much mercy.

Clot. Hear me speak,
I'l trouble her no further, let her sin
Be punish'd from above, i'l wait heavens leisure.

Here

Here *Eunuch* take thou this, it was prepar'd
For the adulterate *Landrey*; here, receive it,
And if thou lov'ſt me uſe it upon me:
Come ſhoot me through, I know I ſhall be ſlain,
(If not by thee, yet by the enemie)
And therefore to prevent the bitter ſcorn
Of the inſulting foe (which is a death
So full of horror to the conquer'd,
No Tyranny is like it) uſe this handfull,
The handſom'ſt weed that nature can produce
In the large ſtorehouſe of her providence,
Can ſhew no ſimple like it; for this cures
At once, the ſickneſs of the mind and body.
Thou ſhalt, I know thou wilt, I prethee take it;
It is not murder, tender-hearted fool
Which thou commits, rather a ſacrifice,
For which heaven will reward thee.

Eu. I do not know the nature of your Gods,
Yet on your words i'l trie their kindneſſe.

Clot. Nobly reſolv'd, come ſhoot me quickly then.

Eu. I never was liker t'expreſs my ſelf
Than at this minute; do not betray me tears, (*aſide.*
The *Eunuchs* nature muſt be harſh and cruell,

Aphe. O ſpare him *Eunuch*, ſpare him, ſave my Lord,
And i'l forgive thee all thy ſins 'gainſt me.

Eu. Peace fooliſh woman, 'tis thou that kill'ſt thy Lord,
Were't not for thee he might live long and happy;
Pray let me kiſſe your hand, and take my leave
Of my beſt Maſter.

Clot. Do't and be ſudden then: ah what means this? (*as he*

Eu. Marry ſir this it means *kiſſes his hand, he ſnatches*
That if this fail, this ſhall perform the deed; *out his ſword.*
Think not but I will kill you, do not fear,
I am the excellent'ſt he alive at theſe ſame toyes,
Look here my confin'd fool I do not bungle. (*ſhews Landrey*

Clot. Are theſe dead then? *and the Queen.*

Eu. As ſure as you live, pray ask them elſe;
Unleſſe this Ewes fleſh too intenſe in heat

Be

Be lingring yet behind: she's scarcely dead,
But in her dying ears i'l howl this noise:
Look Queen, here's the top-branch of all thy Family,
Mark but how kindly for thy sake i'l use him.

Clot. Then I perceive I have been much abus'd,
So ha's my chaster Queen: oh my curst fate!

Eu Oh, do you so, do you so.

Qu. Oh, oh, oh. (*Queen dyes.*

Eu. There broke a Strumpets heart: hear me King,
Thy Mother was a foul adulteress,
A cruel butcherer of innocents:
Witnesse thy brother, that thy mothers false,
Witnesse thine own eyes that beheld the fall
And ruine of the *Dumain* Family.
Thy Mother's deep in blood, for which she's damn'd:
You ravisht fair *Chrotilda Clodimir*
Your valiant Uncle, brother to this Queen,
Was for the foul fact slain: for which mistake,
Dumain, *Lamot*, *Maria*, *Isabel*,
And the abus'd *Chrotilda*, if by flight
She had not sav'd her life, had fall'n with them.
I knowing this, and ever pittying
The wrongs that they indur'd,
Have found it time thus to revenge them.

Clot. What were there wrongs to thee?

Eu. I'l not Capitulate mine injuries (*Beat a March softly within.*
I hear my time is short.

Clot. How fain would *I* preserve my life from death,
Since my *Aphelia's* chast: to think her self,
(Not that *I* fear the foe) made me dispair
Of future comfort. *Eunuch*, spare my life,
I will forgive thee, and reward thee too:
Remember who it is that sues to thee.

Eu. In that remembrance *I* have lost my self,
I cannot strike him, my relenting heart
Yearns on his Princely person: take your sword,
But on condition *Clotair*, thou shalt swear
By thy descent, thy princely parentage,

By the wronged souls of all these innocents
To thy lust satisfied, by *Aphelia's* selfe
Any thing thy soul shall hold more deer,
Upon receite, to guide the fatal point
dereɑtly to my heart.

Clot. Why would'st thou so

Eu. Pish, i'l teach thee to be speedy in
The fact remember how thy Royal Father
Fell, behold thy Mother murthered by
My hand; into thy bosome cast thy inward
Eyes. and view the sorrows I have
Heaped on thee, Look on *Aphelia*, and
Let her wrongs prompt thy slow hand
To this untimely slaughter, *I* cannot
Brook delay— or do, or suffer.

Clot. A heathen and a Traytor die with thee

Eu. A Christian heathen *Clotair* if thou wilt
Made so by thee. read that and break thy heart.

Enter the Monsieur and his Camp.

Moun. Force ope the door seize on his Royal
Person, now *Clotair* thou art the Monsieut's
Prisoner, Tirant say where is *Aphelia*
Your Adultress.

Clot. It makes no matter where.

Bris. O my deer sister. O my deerest life

Dum. see noble Lords: here lyes that hell-hound
Eunuch: villin up and tell us who hath done
These fatal deeds.

Eu. there neer alyed to thee that did these
Acts. *Crotilda* and a woman:

Dum. Villain thou Lyest, my sister's gon a weary
Pilgrimage, and for these many years with
Grief *I* speak it been travelled none knowes
Where.

Clot. What am *I*, what strang and uncouched thing.

Eu. A ravisher and better to instruct thee in thy
Self, had not *Crotilda* been incestuous:

Omes. Hold, hold your Royal hand, what
Will you do.

Clot. what else but follow her: shal *Clotair*
Live a captive to his Brother: slave
To sin, inthraled in wedlock thats incestuous
O ravisher and murtherer of his friend
There's no way left to rid me but
My sword, of all these ills at once,
O wronged *Crotilda*.
Dum. My Sister,
Clot. I Dumain. no *Eunuch* she's no sun
Burnt vagabone of *Ethiope*. Though
Entertained for such by *Freedigon*.
I say here lyes the ravished Sister,
Slain by me the ravisher.
Dum. Hold, hold my heart,
Eu. Lend me thy hand *Clotair*, have *I* thy hand.
Clot. Thou most abused of women kind, thou hast
Eu. I would have kil'd the King, and had
Put on a Masculine spirit to perform
The deed, alas how frail our resolutions
Are, A womans weakness conquers
My revenge, I do spirit enough to
Quit my Fathers wrongs, and they that
Should have seen me Act that part
Would not beleive I should so soon prove
Haggard, But there is something dwells
Upon that brow which did perswade me
To humanity: thou injurest me, and yet
I spared thy life, thou injurest's me yet
Would *I* fall by thee, and like to my soft
Sex *I* fall and Perish.
Clot. Speak, for ever speak *Crotilda*: *Crotilda*.
Dum. My sister in mine eyes, this brave revenge
Should have been mine, and not thy Act *Crotilda*.
Away salt rhum *Crotilda* laughs at thee:
Her spirit is more manly.
Apbe. I must weep too, mine injuries and hers
Are so neer kin that they must bear each
Other company in tears of blood and death
For my grieved heart to long with Earth,

Would

Would gladly seek a way to find out rest.
Clot. Art thou joyned with her too against thy self,
Will my *Aphelia* leave me: pardon sweet
My love is fatall and so well thou knowest
The deadly Proof in fair *Crotildas* death:
Yet leave me not though *I* refrain,
Thy bed, and must abandon all those thoughts
Of love which married couples use, yet
We may sit and gaze upon each other:
Tell sad talls of ruined princes:
Wronged virginity, and when our utterance
Is tryed with speech, wee'l get and sight
A sad Parentheses: and then proceed again.
Then sight again a silent Chorus to our
History, our tears shall keep our
sorrows ever green, still springing never
Ripe, shall we do thus to lengthen
Out our greef.
Aphe. For ever King, the hand of heaven
Lyes on me, for I feel my inward and
Externall injuries wrestle with life
In which condition my soul is worried
By that tyrant death: *I* must forsake
Thee *Clotair* ---------- (*She dyes.*
Clot. Stay a while, it is unkindly done to
Leave me thus! Oh she is gon for
Ever, ever gone, and *I* stand
Prating heer between them both:
Wilt thou not break proud heart:
I prethee break: prove not a rebell
to thy Prince like these, its well there is
some Loyalty in thee yet: thou art commanded
By me---------- (*The King faints*
Brif. Gratious my Leig e
Clot. *Charles I* have injured thee: and thee
Dumain, can ye forgive me.
Brif. Good your grace call back your spirits,
Think whats to be done.
Clot. *I* consider well: and the now King,

The Quondam Monſieur ſhall not deny me,
This half of the honnours of the dead
Landry, we do confer on thee: the other
Half be thine *Dumain*, Charles ſhall
Be Duke of *France*, thou of the Pallace
Major This is our will.
Dum. Great King, you are not yet ſo neer
Your end, fore ſend it heaven
Briſ. Look up my gracious Lord.
Moun. Royal Brother.
Clot. O I begin to faint: *I* feel my laſt
Minute coming: and a darkneſs like to
Death hangs on my Eyes; lend me thy
Hand *Briſac*, and thine *Dumain* good gentle
Souls when ye ſhall mention me
And elder times ſhall rip this ſtory up: diſected,
And Antomized by you: touch ſpareingly this
Story: do not read.
Too harſh a comment on this Loathed deed,
Leaſt you inforce Poſterity to blaſt my name
And memory with endleſs curſes:
Call me an honourable Murtherer,
And finiſh there as I do ------- (*dyes.*
Dum. O noble Lord whoſe fame was
Very eſſence to his ſoul: that gon, the
Other fled chuſeing to dye
Rather then a King in infamy.
Moun. A heavie ſpectacle of greif and
Woe have we beheld ſince our arivall
Heer, take up the body of the King, and
Theſe that for his love on either hand
Lye ſlain, they ſhall be buried in one
Monument: and take up theſe: this
Was a Royal Queen when vertue ſteer'd
Her thoughts: but we may ſee, when we
Turn foes to good, to vice a friend
We ſhall like theſe.
And like theſe thus we end. A dead *March.*

FINIS.